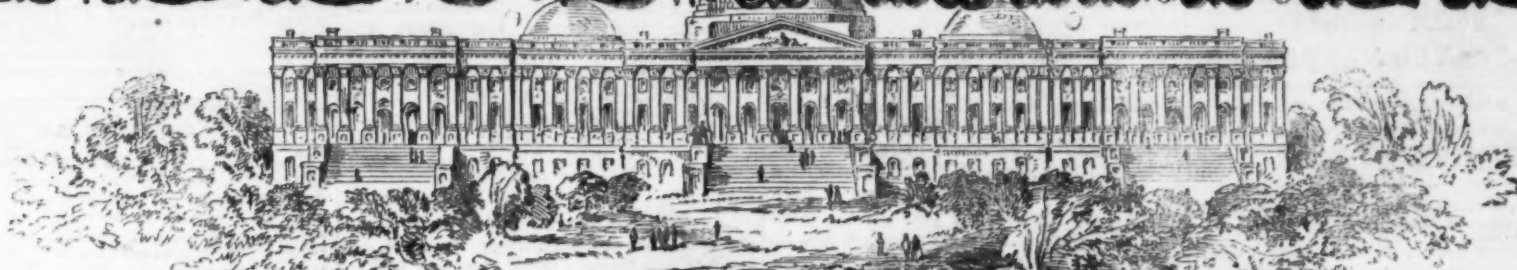


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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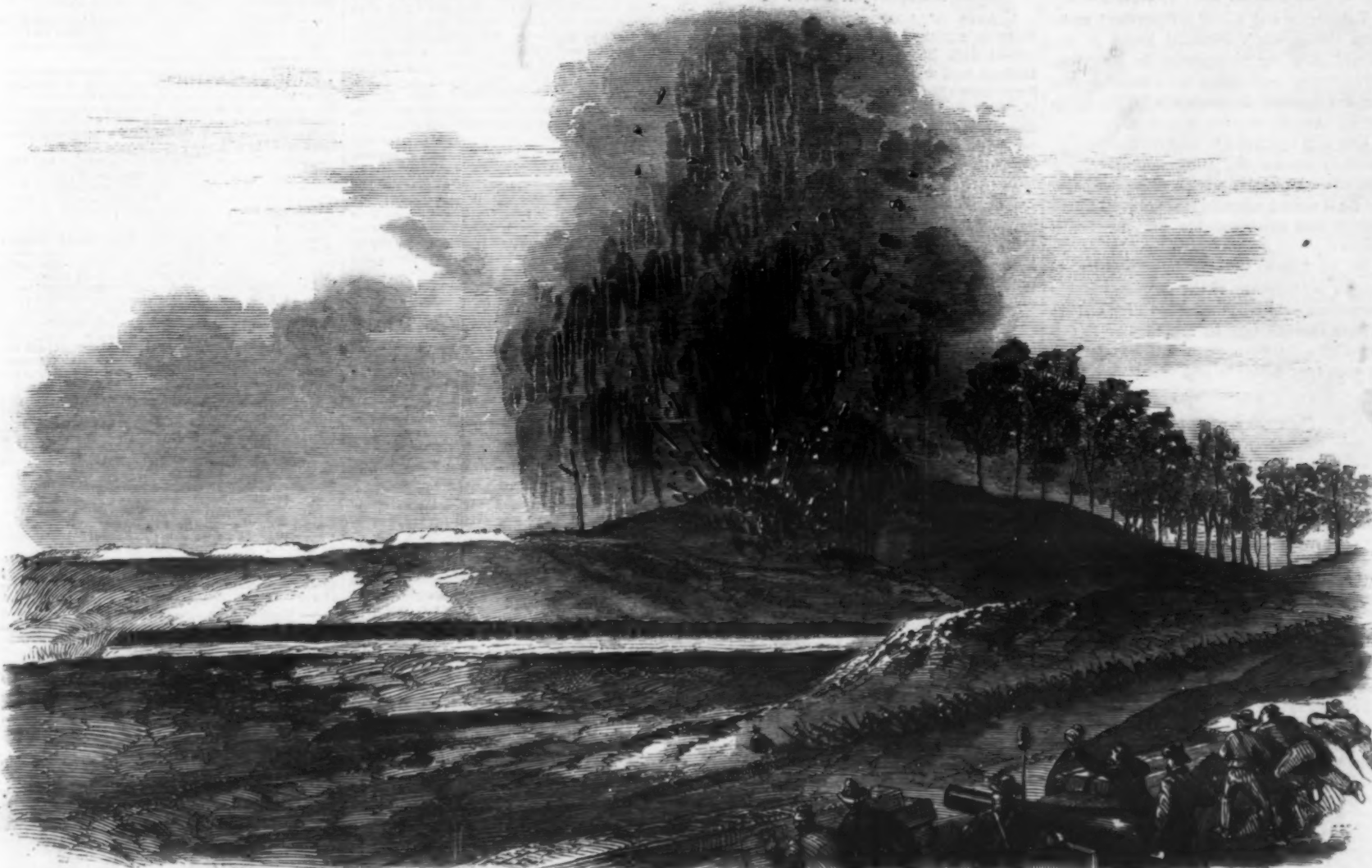
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NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1863.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 8 CENTS.]



SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—MINING THE REBEL WORKS, FORT HILL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.



SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—EXPLOSION OF HICKENLOPER'S MINE UNDER THE REBEL FORT HILL.—SKETCHED FROM BATTERY M'PHERSON, BY FRED. B. SCHILL.



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NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1863.

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 dence of a determination not to be equalled,  
 or even approached by any competitor.

## Summary of the Week.

## MISSISSIPPI.

THE details of the surrender of Vicksburg  
 have reached us.

On July 3d Major-Gen. Bowen and an-  
 other Confederate officer under a flag of truce  
 brought dispatches from Gen. Pemberton to  
 Gen. Grant, asking for a suspension of hos-  
 tilities and the appointment of commission-  
 ers. Grant declined, declaring his only terms  
 to be unconditional surrender. Pemberton  
 then asked a private interview, which took  
 place at 3 P. M.

It was arranged that the Federal forces  
 should enter at 10 A. M., the next day, July  
 4th. The rebels were all to be paroled. The  
 officers were allowed to retain their horses  
 and four days rations, to be taken from the  
 rebel stores, and to be considered as prison-  
 ers liable to be exchanged.

The enemy, numbering from 25,000 to 30,-  
 000, by this arrangement fell into Gen.  
 Grant's hands, together with 102 field pieces,  
 30 siege guns, 50,000 stand of arms, 57  
 colors, etc.

At 10 A. M. of the 4th Gen. Steele's division  
 marched into and garrisoned the city, the

city, the bands playing the National airs of  
 the contending forces. The scene was wit-  
 nessed by thousands of Federal and rebel  
 soldiers, who, for the first time in weeks  
 showed themselves with impunity above the  
 rifle pits, and during all these weeks they have  
 been within five yards of each other. The  
 rebels announce the capture of Panola by our  
 troops.

## PENNSYLVANIA AND MARYLAND.

After the defeat at Gettysburg, in which  
 the Richmond papers admit that they had  
 four Generals killed and seven wounded, Lee  
 retreated to Williamsport, to cross, if pos-  
 sible, into Virginia with the remnant of his  
 army and his booty. Heavy rains have  
 swelled the Potomac; a pontoon bridge at  
 Falling Waters has been destroyed, and he  
 has only scows and rafts for transportation.  
 Meanwhile the Union cavalry have been har-  
 assing him on all sides, capturing trains,  
 horses, prisoners and guns. They have even  
 rashly charged on superior forces, and on the  
 7th Gen. Kilpatrick with difficulty cut his  
 way through the cavalry and infantry who  
 surrounded him at Boonsboro'. On the 8th  
 he and Pleasanton defeated Stuart at Funks-  
 town, taking 600 prisoners. Another battle  
 is imminent, and will probably be fought  
 near the old battlefield of Antietam, where  
 a brisk affair took place on the 10th; Buford's  
 cavalry and artillery, aided by Kilpatrick on  
 the enemy's flank, dislodged the enemy from  
 Benevola, and drove him two miles beyond  
 Beaver Creek. A brisk action took place at  
 Sharpsburg on the 11th, in which Longstreet  
 was repulsed, but Lee finally, by a bridge at  
 Falling Waters and boats at Williamsport,  
 escaped to Virginia with all his trains, losing  
 only one brigade.

## VIRGINIA.

Gen. Keyes has been advancing on Rich-  
 mond, destroying the railroad communica-  
 tion between Lee and the rebel capital. On  
 the 3d a considerable skirmish took place  
 near Baltimore Store, in which Col. West's  
 brigade was driven back on the main body  
 by a superior force with superior arms.

## TENNESSEE.

As Gen. Rosecrans advanced, Bragg, on  
 July 1st, evacuated Tullahoma, and though  
 pursued by Negley, succeeded in getting his  
 trains and artillery over the Aransas on the  
 1st. On the 2d, Crittenden seized the road  
 from Dechard to Chattanooga, and Bragg  
 took to the mountains. McCook flanked  
 them at the mouth of Rock Creek, and Negley  
 and Turchin, in an action lasting till 2 P. M.,  
 routed the entire rebel force, and Bragg fled  
 across the line, entirely abandoning Ten-  
 nessee.

## KENTUCKY—INDIANA.

A force of 4,000 cavalry, under Gen.  
 Morgan, attacked Lebanon, but were re-  
 pulsed with heavy loss. He then entered  
 Indiana, and marched on New Albany, where  
 large quantities of supplies are stored. On  
 the 11th he burned the depot and bridge of  
 the Jeffersonville railroad at Vienna, and  
 moved in the direction of Madison.

## ARKANSAS.

The 4th of July was celebrated at Helena  
 by a severe engagement. Holmes, Price and  
 Marmaduke, with nearly 10,000 men, in  
 three columns, attempted to carry Helena  
 by assault at 4 A. M. The centre column  
 took three lines of rifle pits, but was enfiladed  
 and a whole brigade taken. They abandoned  
 the attack at 10 A. M. Gen. Prentiss com-  
 manded the Union troops, and was aided by  
 the gunboat Tyler. His loss was not over  
 100, that of the enemy 1,500.

## LOUISIANA.

Donaldsonville was attacked at 1 A. M.,  
 June 28, by the rebel Gen. Geer, and though  
 he continued the assault till daylight he was  
 forced to retire, leaving 100 dead, and nearly  
 600 wounded and prisoners.

Port Hudson surrendered on the 9th with  
 18,000 men.

The rebels, on taking Brashear City, but-  
 chered the negroes, men, women and child-  
 ren, without mercy.

The hanging of the black soldiers taken  
 at Milliken's Bend and their white officers,  
 by the rebel Gen. Taylor, is confirmed.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 3d Gen. Foster sent out an expedi-  
 tion from Newbern, which destroyed two  
 miles of railroad at Warsaw, with culverts  
 and telegraph for five more. An armory,  
 with arms and stores, was destroyed at Ken-  
 ansville.

On the 4th Gen. Heckman, with the 9th  
 New Jersey, parts of the 23d and 27th Mass.,  
 81st and 158th New York, with Belger's  
 and Angell's batteries, left Newbern and  
 destroyed the Wilcox bridge on the Trent;  
 at Quaker Bridge the enemy were in force,  
 and a brisk artillery fight ensued.

## THE NAVY.

Several captures of blockade runners are  
 announced. On June 4th the U. S. steamer  
 Lackawanna captured the iron steamer Nep-  
 tune, of Glasgow, endeavoring to enter Mo-  
 bile, and also the steamer Planter, coming  
 out with cotton and rosin.

On the 28th the gunboat Tahoma took the  
 schooner Harriet, and ran ashore the  
 schooner Mary Jane. On the 23d the U. S.  
 bark Pursuit captured off Indian Inlet the  
 Sloop Kate, from Nassau. On the 21st, the  
 Santiago de Cuba captured the steamer Vic-  
 tory, which had run out of Wilmington with  
 1,000 bales of cotton.

## SOUTH CAROLINA.

The attack on Charleston was renewed on  
 the 10th. General Gilmore drove the rebels  
 from Morris Island except Fort Wagner, to  
 which he laid siege. This island enables  
 him attack Sumter.

## NOTES AND NOTICES.

A CLERK in the Foreign Office, Downing  
 street, London, thus writes to a friend in New York:  
 "Don't give yourself any uneasiness on the score  
 of English interference. British foresight is looking  
 in another direction. Palmerston prefers the im-  
 mediate to the remote, and would rather use France  
 to still farther cripple Russia—which threatens the East  
 Indies—than to unite all parties in the North by the  
 offensive spectacle of British intervention. The  
 only thing which would induce English statesmen to  
 join France against the North would be such reverses  
 to the South as might threaten its entire subjugation;  
 but as long as the war progresses as it does now, so  
 long will England persuade Napoleon to remain  
 quiet, and allow you to do their work, namely weaken  
 each other to the very point of exhaustion. It is  
 equally wished by Napoleon and the British Govern-  
 ment that the Union should not be restored, but more  
 so by the former, as the occupation of Mexico would  
 be in peril should the North conquer the South."

## Novel Reading and Insanity.

Dr. Anstruther, one of London's most  
 eminent physicians, has lately published the result of  
 40 years' medical experience. Among the noticeable  
 points is novel reading. He says that while novel  
 reading weakens the mind and distorts its percep-  
 tions, it diminishes that peculiar earnestness which  
 leads to insanity, adding: "I never knew a person,  
 more especially a woman, addicted to novel reading,  
 who became deranged. Insanity generally springs  
 from brooding over some one idea or grievance—  
 hence frivolous people never go mad—there is not  
 sufficient stuff in them for it." It would, then, seem  
 as though excessive indulgence in novels throws a  
 faint tinge of frivolity almost semi-idiotic over the  
 mind, which carries off the tendency to settle on one  
 absorbing idea. We doubt, however, whether it is  
 worth while to weaken a thousand intellects in the  
 vague hope of saving one.

## Fast Young Ladies.

Fast ladies have existed in all ages, the  
 characteristics being varied by the epoch and the  
 nation. Cleopatra and Helen of Troy were of the  
 same class out of which springs the typical Lady  
 Gay Spa ker—no fabulous person, but a real flesh  
 and blood beautiful woman named Mrs. Maberley,  
 the honored and immaculate wife of one of the richest  
 country gentlemen of England. It is a strange fact  
 that great physical exertion carries off, as a safety  
 valve, most of that deep crime which has distin-  
 guished Catharine de Medicis and Lucretia Borgia.  
 This is a medical truth not sufficiently worked out in  
 our daily life. In our own time fast young ladies are  
 those whose vivacity, dash, animal spirits and  
 brusqueness carry them beyond the rules of con-  
 ventional society, which enjoins the endorsement of a  
 martyrdom rather than the unseemly utterance of a  
 protest. The day, however, is at hand when a judi-  
 cious censor will put all people at their ease, without  
 the suspicion of ill manners. The *Saturday Review*  
 of London, one of the ablest but most crotchety of  
 contemporary journals, in discussing our modern fast  
 young ladies, says:

"The 'fast young lady' is, it may be hoped, a very  
 exceptional phenomenon, and is, for the most part,  
 to be accounted for by the carelessness and want of  
 education of her parents. Educated men never have  
 fast daughters or fast sisters. The species belongs  
 exclusively to the class where there is some wealth,  
 no occupation, no intellectual cultivation, no moral or  
 religious sentiment. The fast young lady is the just  
 punishment of the neglect of the parents. But it is  
 a pity that she should suffer. It were almost to be  
 wished that steps should be taken to make education  
 compulsory with some of the wealthy classes."

## Peachum and Lockitt.

WHEN rogues agree their unanimity is  
 wonderful. England and France are the latest ex-  
 ponents of that proverb. They hunt in couples, and, ill-  
 assorted match as it naturally is, their common  
 interest makes them a unit on all questions outside  
 Europe. There, like a discordant couple in their own  
 home, immediate antagonisms and long-cherished  
 jealousies come into play, while, when out on a visit,  
 they act like turtle doves. It must be confessed that  
 the junior partner of the firm has shown an almost  
 eager magnanimity; for when England was in the  
 throes of her Indian revolt he offered his swiftest  
 vessels of war to transport her troops to India, and  
 permitted the violation of the treaty which prohibits  
 the passage of foreign troops across the Isthmus of  
 Suez. Their present joint adventure in Japan is  
 another proof of the alacrity with which Louis  
 Napoleon seizes every opportunity of associating his  
 political action with the British—for, apart from that  
 general bearing upon international law, which touches  
 us as much as France, the latter power has no special  
 cause of quarrel with the Japanese, since the persons  
 murdered by them were British subjects. The last  
 accounts state that a large French and English fleet had  
 gathered at Kanawaga, and that the Allied Admirals  
 were only awaiting the arrival of a body of French  
 troops from Cochin China to commence what they  
 term "the chastisement of the treacherous bar-  
 barians." Our interests are so much involved in this

question that its development will be watched by us  
 with considerable anxiety. That it will terminate to  
 our advantage is undoubted, since, owing to the liberal  
 spirit of modern diplomacy, the concessions wrung  
 from these exclusives will undoubtedly be shared  
 with other nations. Indeed it may save us the neces-  
 sity of enforcing our hitherto unexecuted treaty; as  
 the lesson about, in all probability, to be received by  
 the arrogant islanders will teach them a wisdom the  
 benefits of which we shall reap. On the other hand,  
 it may afford us an opportunity of giving England a  
 Roland for an Oliver, by fitting out for the Emperor  
 of Japan a fleet to prey on her commerce, just as she  
 built one to prey upon ours for the Emperor of China.

## AMUSEMENTS.

THE "Duke's Motto" still continues trium-  
 phant at Niblo's Garden. The increase in the thermom-  
 eter does not diminish the attendance of curious visi-  
 tors. The house is filled every night, and thousands  
 repeat their visits over and over again, so deeply in-  
 teresting is the piece, so admirably is it put upon the  
 stage, and so excellently is it acted. We expect that  
 the "Duke's Motto" will run for weeks to come.

The Winter Garden is now in successful operation  
 under the joint management of Miss Emily Thorne  
 and Mr. Mark Smith. The company is very excellent,  
 comprising besides the managers, Messrs. Setchell,  
 Harry Pearson, Sol Smith, Jun., A. H. Davenport,  
 etc., etc. This week a burlesque upon "Leah the  
 Forsaken," called "Leah the Forsook," will be pro-  
 duced. It is said to be a close, witty and amusing  
 parody of the original, which Miss Bateman has made  
 so universally popular. All those who saw the origi-  
 nal should go and see the burlesque.

We are pleased to announce that the increasing suc-  
 cess of the "Wives of Paris" at Laura Keane's Theatre  
 has induced Mrs. Jane English to renew the lease and  
 remain some few weeks longer in the city. Mrs.  
 English is a very enterprising manager, and gives so  
 varied an entertainment that she cannot fail to attract  
 all classes of the public. The Troupe St. Denis is  
 almost a sufficient feature of itself. At the expira-  
 tion of her new lease Mrs. English will take the  
 Troupe St. Denis to Washington, where we believe  
 they will attract crowded audiences, for they are  
 really extraordinary performers in their peculiar line.

The Stereopticon at Irving Hall has attracted even  
 more attention than we expected. Instead of a ses-  
 sion of one week, as was at first intended, it has been  
 prolonged in consequence of its increasing attraction  
 over several weeks. The present is announced as its  
 closing week, but we expect that the public will de-  
 mand its exhibition for some weeks longer. Among  
 the other attractions announced, life-sized portraits  
 of Gen. Meade and Gen. Grant, and an exquisite pic-  
 ture of the March of the 7th Regiment will be ex-  
 hibited every evening and on Wednesday and Saturday  
 afternoons.

The attractions at the Museum this week are of a  
 very varied character. In the lecture-room Sand-  
 ford's celebrated troupe of Ethiopian artists appear  
 every afternoon and evening. They are excellent  
 singers and capital actors, and are brim full of pathos  
 and also of broad fun and genuine humor. In the  
 various halls of curiosities will be found the wonder-  
 ful Automaton writer, which gives a written answer  
 to every question. It is an extraordinary piece of  
 mechanism. Also the living Ourang Outang, Boa  
 Constrictors, and other strange and wonderful things  
 altogether too numerous to mention. But we never  
 lets the public excitement die out, for he always has  
 on hand some new wonder to supply the place of an  
 old one.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—At a special meeting of the Board of  
 Education, on the 8th, the resolution passed at the  
 meeting of the Board on the 1st inst., directing the  
 President not to sign warrants for teachers' salaries  
 until the Trustees of the Ninth Ward restored Miss  
 McGowan, whom they dismissed from School No. 10,  
 on account of insubordination, was rescinded.

The officers of the Belt Railroad announced to  
 the Mayor, on the 8th July, that the cars on their  
 route, on the north side of the town, are running.  
 Licenses have been taken out.

The eighteenth annual commencement of St.  
 John's College was held on the 8th July, at Fordham.  
 Archbishop Hughes, ex-Mayor Wood and other nota-  
 bles were on the platform. Orations were delivered,  
 prizes were awarded, and the usual exercises of com-  
 mencement day were closed with a banquet for the  
 entertainment of invited guests.

The Vermont Union State Convention was held  
 at Burlington on Wednesday, the 8th July, attendance  
 large. The following ticket was nominated: Gov-  
 ernor, John C. Smith, of St. Albans; Lieut.-Governor,  
 Paul Dillingham, of Waterbury; Treasurer, John B.  
 Page, of Rutland.

On the 4th July the Confederate steamer  
 Torpedo, under a flag of truce, steamed from Rich-  
 mond up to Fortress Monroe, with the Vice-President,  
 Alex. H. Stephens, and Robt. Ould on board, and  
 demanded permission to proceed up the Potomac on a  
 visit to Washington, upon an important mission.  
 Gen. Dix telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln, who refused to  
 grant so strange a request, observing that the usual  
 channel of communication was open to them. The  
 Torpedo, however, having made the request, did not  
 wait for the answer from Washington, but steamed  
 back to Richmond. The real motive of so singular a  
 request is unknown.

The first step toward raising the 50,000 militia  
 called for by Gov. Seymour, was taken on the 9th  
 July, at a meeting, held in the Republican Hall,  
 corner of Broadway and 23d street. Hon. Mayor  
 Opdyke, David Dudley Field, Esq., and other gentle-  
 men were present. The gathering was a very patriotic  
 one, and the proceedings and resolutions were im-  
 portant. The greatest unanimity prevailed through-  
 out.

In the matter of Kings County against Col.  
 Burke, wherein an attachment for contempt was  
 issued, the case stands thus: the Sheriff returns that  
 he is unable to obtain admission to the fort, and that  
 a large force of troops and of artillery would be  
 necessary to enforce the writ. This force Kings  
 County does not possess, and the matter has been re-  
 ferred to Gov. Seymour.

Messrs. Bates, agents in Boston of the Canard  
 steamships, state that all their vessels leaving that  
 port during the summer months will call off Cape  
 Race when the weather permits, and will take any  
 news or dispatches that may be telegraphed to that  
 point. They are usually due off Cape Race during  
 Saturday-night, after their departure from Boston.

Among the drafted men in Boston are two  
 Catholic clergymen, six editors, the United States  
 District Attorney, the Provost-Marshal-General, an  
 artillery armorer, and three John Smiths.

The Postmaster-General, in his instructions to  
 Postmasters, under the new Post Office law, reduced  
 the extreme weight allowable to packages of seeds,  
 cuttings, roots and scions, sent free, from the former  
 limit of 32 ounces to 12 ounces. This rule promising  
 to work great inconvenience and obstruction, cutting  
 off even the smallest packages of wheat hitherto dis-  
 tributed, an order has been issued by the Postmaster-  
 General re-establishing the limit of 32 ounces.

**Western.**—Hon. Mr. Wells, candidate for Con-  
 gress, has been arrested in Louisville, by order of  
 Gen. Burnside, for declaring that the present war was  
 "a John Brown war, and that he hoped every true  
 Kentuckian would rise in arms against it."



—Solomon Heaver, of Petersburg, Ohio, lately presented his child for baptism, under the name of Jefferson Davis Heaver. Dr. Rhinehart, after making a long prayer, lectured the Copperhead Heaver, and refused to christen it unless it was named Abraham Lincoln Heaver. After considerable discussion and prayer, a compromise was effected, and the little fellow rejoices in the name of McClellan Heaver.

—Gov. Ramsey, who, in 1861, effected the treaty by which the Sioux surrendered their ancient half of Minnesota to the United States, has again been appointed a Commissioner on behalf of the Government to make a treaty with the Red Lake Chippewas for the extinction of their title to the Red River Valley, their assertion of which has recently led to unpleasant interruptions of the trade and travel which passes through that region. This treaty contemplates the opening of that whole rich and beautiful district to settlement, the entire pacification of the discontented Chippewas, and the re-establishment of complete security to the commerce and travel along the valley.

—It would seem, from what the Ohio journals say, that some of the politicians look to trouble with England, should Vallandigham make his headquarters on British soil. Considering the abuse he has ever lavished on Great Britain, it will be extraordinary should he take advantage of her hospitality.

**Southern.**—An officer who is now stationed at Pensacola, Fla.: "I have been absent for a couple of weeks on an expedition up the Choctawhatchee Bay. We visited most of the families residing around the bay, and I was very much surprised to find a class of people whom it would be supposed have heretofore possessed the advantages of education living in such aboriginal simplicity and ignorance. One old fellow knew neither his own age nor his children's. Men, women and children for the most part smoke and chew tobacco. Take them as a class, I think they are a most disgusting type of Southern chivalry. During our sojourn round the bay there were a number of rebel cavalry companies prowling around the vicinity, picking up conscripts, and as far as I could learn, there was not a very strong desire on the part of the pursued to join Jeff Davis's army. I saw quite a number of men who had been staying in the swamps for a number of days in order to avoid the conscription."

—The Richmond papers of the 8th of July—four days after the fall of Vicksburg—only say that a rumor has reached the city that Vicksburg has surrendered, but it wants confirmation. Their reports of the recent battles in Pennsylvania and Maryland are very remarkable specimens of misstatement. According to them, Lee has "all but" annihilated the Union army, taken 40,000 prisoners, and chased the rest into Baltimore.

—The Richmond *Examiner* of the 3d of July says: "The movements of the Vice-President, we have authority for stating, have no reference whatever to national affairs. All the stories of his departure for Old Point and Washington with an ultimatum to submit to the Lincoln Government in regard to the conduct of the war, are stories built upon erroneous surmises without the foundation of truth. In company with the Hon. Robert Ould, Commissioner of Exchange, he visited City Point on Saturday, in an entirely unofficial character, and simply with a view to the enjoyment of the river scenery and a relaxation from the cares of his station. The Vice-President has probably since this returned to the capital. The fact that he was seen on Friday last, in company with several gentlemen, seated in a carriage with a portmanteau strapped behind, going in the direction of the flag-of-truce boat, gave rise to the report among the idlers on Main street that he was en route to the kingdom of Abraham, with something portentous among his papers."

—It is certain, judging from the Southern journals, that the Confederates believed Vicksburg to be perfectly safe. The Atlanta, Mobile and Augusta papers all declared up to the last that there was no scarcity of provisions or ammunition. In addition to this, they evidently had full faith, when the worst came to the worst, that Gen. Joe Johnston would make a desperate effort to raise the siege. That Bragg could do nothing is owing to the vigilance of Rosecrans.

**Military.**—The Harrisburg *Patriot and Union* says that a refugee from Chambersburg relates that he was standing in his door while the rebel cavalry were passing through the street, one of whom remarked to him: "You have been, for the past two years, fighting to get us into the Union, and now that we are in, I suppose you will be flitting to get us out again." The refugee replied: "We shall force you to go out of Pennsylvania, and then you will be glad to come into the Union."

—The New York 7th regiment was at Frederick, Md., on the 7th of July.

—The editor of the Baltimore *American* says he has heard from a respectable ear witness that Gen. Hooker, in his parting address to his officers there, said "that the army of the Potomac fought with the rebels two hours out of the 24, and with the Government at Washington the other 22."

—The Provost-Marshal of the following named districts have received orders to proceed immediately and draft the number of men given in the annexed table:

District.	Amount of quota.
1.....	1,394
2.....	3,072
3.....	2,798
4.....	1,851
5.....	1,806
6.....	1,775
7.....	2,263
Total in seven districts.....	15,519

The Marshals for districts 2, 8 and 9 having not yet forwarded to headquarters their lists, have not received orders to draft. The law requires that 50 per cent. more men than are required shall be drafted, in order to cover all deficiencies caused by exemption. The drafting in district three will probably commence on Wednesday morning with the names registered in ward four.

—We understand that what is to be known as the "Veteran Corps" is to be limited to a specified number of regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery. Gen. Sprague informs us that there will be only two cavalry regiments (besides infantry and artillery) raised in this State for the corps—those being recruited by Col. R. M. Taylor, of Rochester (late of the 33d), and by Col. M. H. Chrysler, of Troy (late of the 30th). The latter regiment is to be known as the Empire Light Cavalry. Recruits for these regiments will receive the "veteran" bounty of \$402. We learn further from Gen. Sprague that the bounty of \$402 is not allowed "veterans" who enlist in new organizations, but that it is paid to all who enlist in old regiments or in the "Veteran Corps." We make this statement thus semi-officially, because it is sometimes represented that no matter in what organizations "veterans" re-enlist they will be entitled to the bounty of \$402. This, it seems, is a mistake, and it is desirable that the fact should be known.

—Gen. Doubleday has published an order returning his thanks to the Vermont Brigade, the 151st Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the 20th New York State Militia, for their gallant conduct in resisting in the front line the main attack of the enemy at Gettysburg after sustaining a terrific fire from 75 to 100 pieces of artillery.

—The Richmond *Dispatch* of the 7th inst. announces that in the Libby Prison, on the previous day, the Captains among the National prisoners drew lots for two of the number to be shot in retaliation for the shooting of the rebel Captains Corby and McGraw, by Gen. Burnside, at Sandusky, Ohio, on the 15th of last May. The lots fell upon Capt. Henry Washington Sawyer, of the 1st New Jersey cavalry, and Capt. John Finn, of the 51st Indiana Volunteers. They bore their fate with noble indifference, Sawyer saying that as some one must die he was as ready as any. There are about 70 Captains in the Libby Prison.

—The men raised under the draft are not to form into new regiments, but are to be assigned to fill up the old regiments. They will thus soon get among well drilled soldiers, and be ready to perform efficient service.

—The correspondents of the New York and New Jersey papers are very severe upon the treatment of those two States received from the Pennsylvania troops they went to save, who charged them 75 cents for a 10 cent loaf of bread, 60 cents for six eggs, and 10 cents extra for cooking them. A wounded man was charged a dollar and a half for a ride in a cart that was going along. Officers were charged 50 cents for a drink of whiskey. The New York *Herald* says: "The Pennsylvanians made the most out of their misfortune."

**Naval.**—The first two of six new revenue cutters have just been launched at Williamsburg. They are: length, 130 feet; beam, 20 feet; depth of hold, 11 feet. Their full armament will comprise for each vessel, one 30-pound Parrott rifle, one pivot forward; four 24-pound guns in broadside, and a pivot gun aft, probably a 24-pounder. They will be rigged as four-masted schooners, and are to have double vertical or oscillating engines.

—Two steamers, the *Allee Dean* and *J. S. McComb*, were captured by rebels near Brandenburg, Ky., on Tuesday. Gunboats have gone in pursuit.

—Nassau papers announce that eight vessels from Charleston and five from Wilmington, N. C., have arrived there within the short space of six days. They were principally laden with cotton.

—It is said that the depredations of the Tacony and Archer have been much exaggerated; not one half of the fishing-boats having been destroyed that were reported.

—The Nassau *Guardian*, June 17, says: "From a private letter received on Monday, we learn that Capt. Semmes of the Alabama arrived at St. Thomas on the 25th ult., landed at the back of the island, crossed with three of his officers, and went directly on board a steamer ship, the Georgia, and put out to sea before daylight, while three Federal cruisers were watching his movements."

**Personal.**—Rev. Dr. Elip. Nott, President of Union College, completed his 97th year on the 24th of June. His memory is wonderfully exact.

—Seth C. Hawley, our Consul at Nassau, is in Washington, in impaired health. The country can ill afford his absence from our most important Consulate, for he is to an eminent degree qualified for the difficult duties of that post. The crowding of the harbor of Nassau, and the filling up of the town with blockade runners, has doubled the cost of living there.

—The Washington *Republican* says: "Gen. B. F. Butler, accompanied by his wife, youngest son and servant, arrived in this city last evening, and are stopping at Willard's Hotel. This morning Gen. Butler called to pay his respects to the President. He and Mrs. Butler have come to take from school in Georgetown their only daughter, at the expiration of the present term, now about closing." The *World* adds with great gravity, "We trust Miss Butler is a fine young woman, and has no obliquity of vision."

—Col. Richard Thomas Zarnow—the French lady—formerly of Fort Lafayette, who was lately exchanged and had arrived in Richmond, will sail for Europe to take command of a rebel pirate. His insanity, caused, as we were told, by his long imprisonment, seems to have been very suddenly disipated.

—Gen. Sickles is progressing as favorably as could be expected after the amputation of his leg. The appointment of Gen. French to the command of his army corps (the 3d) is only temporary, the President having assured Gen. Sickles that he shall resume his command as soon as he shall be able.

**Obituary.**—Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, died at Baltimore, suddenly, on the 7th of July, aged 66. He was born in Dublin, was educated at Rome, came to America in 1821 and settled in Kentucky, where, in 1829, he was consecrated as coadjutor of the Bishop of Philadelphia, whom he succeeded in 1832. It was during his episcopate that the Catholic riots occurred. In 1851 he was transferred to the Archdiocese of Baltimore. In 1852 he was appointed by Pope Pius, Apostolic Delegate, to preside over the first plenary Council of the United States, which was called in Baltimore, 1852. Archbishop Kenrick was a very able writer, and bore the reputation of being one of the most learned theologians of the Roman Catholic Church in America. Among his more elaborate works are *Theologia Dogmatica* (4 vols., 8vo., 1850-'51), *Theologia Moralis* (3 vols., 8vo., 1851-'52), which are used as text-books in numerous Catholic seminaries; "The Primacy of the Apostolic See vindicated," "Vindication of the Catholic Church," and the article "Roman Catholic Church" in "The New American Cyclopaedia." He is still better known by his writings on Biblical subjects, and especially by his translation of the Old and New Testaments, which are held in great favor in the Catholic community, and, as is supposed, will supersede the so-called Douay version. Archbishop Kenrick was an elder brother of the present Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Louis.

—Among the many noble soldiers who fell at Gettysburg on the 2d July was Col. C. F. Taylor, commanding the Pennsylvania Bucktails. He went out as Captain at the commencement of the war in that regiment, then under the command of Col. Kane. At the battle of Harrisburg both Kane and Taylor were taken prisoners. When exchanged Taylor was appointed Colonel of his old regiment. He was the youngest Colonel in the army, being only 26 years of age. He was wounded slightly at the first Fredericksburg, and on Thursday, the 3d July, while leading his men, a sharpshooter sent a bullet through his heart. He was a brother of Bayard Taylor.

—Cardinal Barberini (a prince who became a priest) died recently at Rome at an advanced age. On condition of being maintained for life, with a pension due to his birth, he resigned his share in the family title and patrimony to his brother, Prince Barberini, when appointed Cardinal by Pope Leo XII. His life was most dignified and exemplary.

—George Alexander Otis died recently in Boston, at the age of 81 years. Mr. Otis was a merchant in early life. He afterwards acquired a knowledge of several modern languages, became familiar with the Latin and Greek tongues, and translated a considerable portion of Cicero's letters; but was best known as the translator from the Italian of Botta's "History of the War of American Independence."

—A great sensation has been created in Paris by the death of Prince de Windischgratz, who was found dead in his bed by his valet. His father was killed at Solferino.

—Prince Andrew Galtzin, a well-known Russian Noble and General, died in Paris on the 25th June.

—Gen. Gabriel Rene Paul, who was killed on the 2d July at Gettysburg, was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1812, and entered West Point in 1830. In 1834 he graduated. In the Mexican war he greatly distinguished himself. At the commencement of the present rebellion he was stationed in New Mexico, where he maintained the Union cause with gallantry and success. In September, 1862, he was made Brig.-Gen. of volunteers, and assigned to duty under Gen. Casey, in Washington.

—Lieut.-Col. Albert V. Colburn, died at St. Louis on the 17th June, after a short illness. He was a graduate of West Point, and was brevetted 2d Lieut. in 1855. He served under Gen. Sumner, in 1860, against the Comanche and Kiowa Indians. He was in the Peninsula and Maryland campaigns. In December, 1862, he was assigned to Missouri as Assistant-Adjutant-General.

**Accidents and Offences.**—The police arrested, on the 9th July, a man named Leebe, for whom they have been on the look-out ever since the beginning of May, for swindling a countryman out of \$125, which he obtained on the pretence that he would procure him a passage to California. On the 9th an officer

saw Leebe in the New World drinking saloon, Hudson street, and captured him.

—Some weeks since Mr. Thomas Blanchard, residing at 165 Tremont street, Boston, was married, and immediately left the city on a wedding tour. He arrived back a few days ago, and soon after entering his house Mr. Blanchard was engaged in examining a loaded pistol that his son had kept for his protection during the absence of his father. While holding the pistol he discharged, the ball passing through one of Mrs. Blanchard's lower limbs, below the knee, without injuring the bone, but inflicting a painful wound.

—A train on the Avon, Genesee and Mount Morris railroad, consisting of a locomotive, tender, baggage and passenger cars, fell through the bridge over the Canaseraga Creek on the 7th July. Mr. Richard P. Fitzhugh, a well-known citizen of Mount Morris, was killed, and several other passengers, of whom there were fortunately few on the train, were injured more or less seriously.

—A woman, named Emma Shaffer, died on the 7th July from the effects of poison, self-administered. It appears that she had left her husband and was living with a military officer, who in turn described her. Hence her grief.

—An unknown man was found, on the 10th July, on the beach of the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, with his skull fractured. He had evidently been thrown into the river, and his body had floated ashore.

—As two gentlemen and a lady were walking, on the night of the 9th July, through Parsonia avenue, Jersey City, a rowdy, named James Connelly, of New York, grossly insulted the lady. Upon being remonstrated with, he drew a knife and stabbed one of the gentlemen. The ruffian was arrested and committed to Bergen jail.

A man named Edward Callahan entered a grocery in Baxter street, on the evening of the 9th, and commenced beating a woman there. A stranger interfered, whereupon they both clinched. In the course of the *mêlée* the ruffianly woman-beater was stabbed, and it is supposed mortally.

**Foreign.**—Minghetti and Ratazzi, the Italian statesmen, lately fought a duel near Turin. The weapon was cavalry sabre. After a few passes Ratazzi was wounded slightly in the arm. Their seconds thereupon stopped the duel, but the parties left the ground unreconciled. The cause of quarrel was political.

—There have been several most important cabinet changes in France, Walewski and Persigny having resigned, and their places filled by comparatively unknown men. The London *Morning Post* ascribes the alterations to a wish on the part of the Emperor to give the people a greater share in their own government.

—Some of the merchants in Liverpool have subscribed \$6,000 to raise a statue to Stonewall Jackson, whose name turns out to be Thomas Jonathan Jackson, and not Thomas Jefferson Jackson, as generally believed.

—The news from Japan is to May 11, at which time there was the daily expectation of hostilities breaking out between the Japanese and the French and English, who had collected a large naval force to commence operations with. The U. S. war steamer Wyoming had arrived at Kanagawa, which had given every American a feeling of considerable security. The Japanese authorities, with true Eastern infatuation, had made no preparations to meet the threatened storm.

—Lady Franklin, after circumnavigating the globe, is in London.

—A singular MS. has been found among the papers of Schiller, and as it is in his own handwriting there is no doubt of one fact, that his earliest dramatic performance was a farce. It is in one act, and entitled, "I Got Shaved." Fechter has bought the copyright, and it will soon be produced in London, John B. Ougham personating the hero, Hans Sapshead.

—While the Queen of Prussia is trying the effect of Winder Castle's cooling regime, her unhappy, idiotic husband, the King, has gone to the baths of Carlsbad, to rejuvenate either his wisdom or despotism.

—The Turin correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says that Lord Palmerston has written a letter to Bismarck, the Prussian Premier, warning him of the dangers he is running in forcing a conflict between the King and his people, and stating that, in the event of a war between France and Prussia, the people of England will be compelled to leave Prussia to its fate, should the King pursue his present reactionary and tyrannical policy.

—The King of Portugal, now on a visit to Louis Napoleon, is about to visit London. His Queen, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, accompanies him.

—The Emperor of Austria is to accompany the Empress to Kissingen, where her majesty is going to take the waters. The Emperor will return to Vienna for the opening of the session of the Reichsrath.

—A New York journalist (says the Boston *Post*) says he made the trip from New York to Europe, paid for his passage and everything he had, journeyed over the Continent, and passed four months abroad, at an expenditure of \$400.

—Advices from Damascus state that the caravan which every year leaves that city for Mecca, started on the 20th of April. It was composed of upwards of 5,000 pilgrims, showing that the Moslems are still enthusiastic in their religion, and long to visit their holy city at least once in their lives.

—The University of the city of New York, at its recent commencement, conferred the Doctorate of Civil Law upon Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia. Mr. Carey is a distinguished teacher of political economy, and has written several works on that subject.

—It has at length been decided in London to erect a statue or monument to Shakespeare in the centre of the city, where he spent nearly half his days and did the work that secured his immortality. A provisional committee has been formed, which will soon be named, and an appeal be made to all who speak the language of Shakespeare to aid in the great work. It is proposed that it shall be the feature of the tercentennial anniversary of the birthday of the bard, which occurs next year.

—Queen Victoria is expected to arrive at the palace of Rossum towards the close of this month. Earl Russell will accompany her. It is said that the King of Prussia will visit the Queen, when he can consult Russell.

—"Le Cabina de Tom," founded on Mrs. Beecher Stowe's book, is now a great favorite with the inhabitants of Cadix, where it is performed at the Teatro Ballen.

—A church in Prussia, holding 1,000 persons, has been constructed entirely, statues and all, of paper mache.

—The King of the Belgians has given his decision against England in her recent quarrel with Brazil. Mr. Christie, the British Minister at Rio Janeiro, is a very irascible Scotchman, and will, no doubt, be recalled by Lord Palmerston.

—The London *Times* very solemnly rebukes the French and German editors for speaking of Lord Palmerston as though he were the autocrat of England, and as they do of the Emperor or the Czar. They sarcastically assure both the French and German people that England has never parted with the power of dismissing her rulers whenever they misbehave themselves, and that if Lord Palmerston forgot his duty to his country, he would be immediately discharged, as every independent gentleman does a derelict servant.

—Advices from the City of Mexico to the 10th ult., received by way of Asapulco and San Francisco, are of no particular importance. Juarez arrived in San Luis Potosi on the 7th, and established the seat of Government there, while the late garriots of the city, numbering some 19,000, were distributed at points

west. It was believed that Forey had sent a communication to Juarez, urging him to accept terms of peace.

**Art, Science and Literature.**—Ex-Gov. Thomas H. Seymour, of Connecticut, has received a most magnificent gift from the Emperor of Russia. It is a large, illustrated volume, descriptive of the coronation of his majesty, and the brilliant festivities which followed that event. The size of the book is about 40 by 36 inches, and it is printed on the heaviest laid paper, each letter in the ordinary reading matter being half an inch in length. There are 25 chromograph engravings, beautifully colored, with numberless other illustrations not colored, together with a title page superbly finished in gold and silver. The book is bound in the finest dark green Russian leather, the outside bearing a stamp of the royal arms and bearings in gold. The book weighs about 150 pounds.

—The court photographer of Munich, Joseph Albert, has discovered a new method of taking full life-size photographs upon canvas.

—Mr. Gibson has been summoned from Rome to England by the Prince of Wales, to execute the bust of Her Royal Highness the Princess.

—The Belgian Government has offered Louis Sallart 20,000fr. for an unfinished painting, "The Palace of Tournay," but the artist expects to receive a larger sum for it.

—George Sand has just finished, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" a new novel—"Mademoiselle La Fontaine." The scene is laid in the romantic region of Lake Geneva. It is a story of the love of a noble-minded, devout Catholic girl, and an unbelieving lover.

—Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" has been proscribed by several bishops, who enjoin their flocks instantly to place any copies of it they may possess in the hands of their confessors, who will immediately destroy this "very immoral and pernicious work."

**Chit-Chat.**—A writer celebrated for his practical common sense says: "The buxom, bright-eyed, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows and be a lady within in company, is just the sort of a girl for a young man to marry; but you, yo pining, lolling, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, putty-faced, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of 14 chickens."

—The Temple Park property just north of the Congress Springs ground, Saratoga, is sold to a well-known hotel proprietor in New York, who has resolved to build a new hotel there which will eclipse all its rivals. It is to be called Temple Park House.

—The last caprice of the Empress Eugenie has just been played. The Emperor was told that a lady wished to see him. She was introduced. He didn't at first recognize her, but her "Don't you know me? How do you like me in my black hair?" It was the Empress, who had dyed her hair a jet black. It does not become her, as she looks sickly.

—A petition has been presented to the Spanish Cortes, praying for the suppression of bullfights, and the Government of the Grand Duchy of Baden have decided on the extinction of the gambling-tables on the 31st of October, 1866, when their lease will have expired. Till that period the bank is to pay an annual sum of 700,000 francs to the *caisse des bénefices*. What will become of the *casse des bénefices* or the *bains* either, when they will no longer have that sum to keep them going?

—Musical critics are privileged to twaddle, but does not the following *morceau* abuse the privilege as much as John Wilkes did the privilege men have of being ugly? "Mr. —, whose health has been seriously assailed during the past two months, has sufficiently recovered to visit the city. The preparations for his forthcoming season are being carried on with great spirit. Mr. — will return to America early in the fall; indeed Mr. — secured her passage yesterday. The composer of '—' will probably accompany her. He is, at all events, heartily pleased with the reception of his work in America, and only needs the nod from — to compose a new one expressly for the — of —." Perfectly wonderful! "Health seriously assailed," as though it was a Vicksburg! "Only needs the nod." Why doesn't this manager, like a second Homer, nod?

## COL. EDWARD E. CROSS,

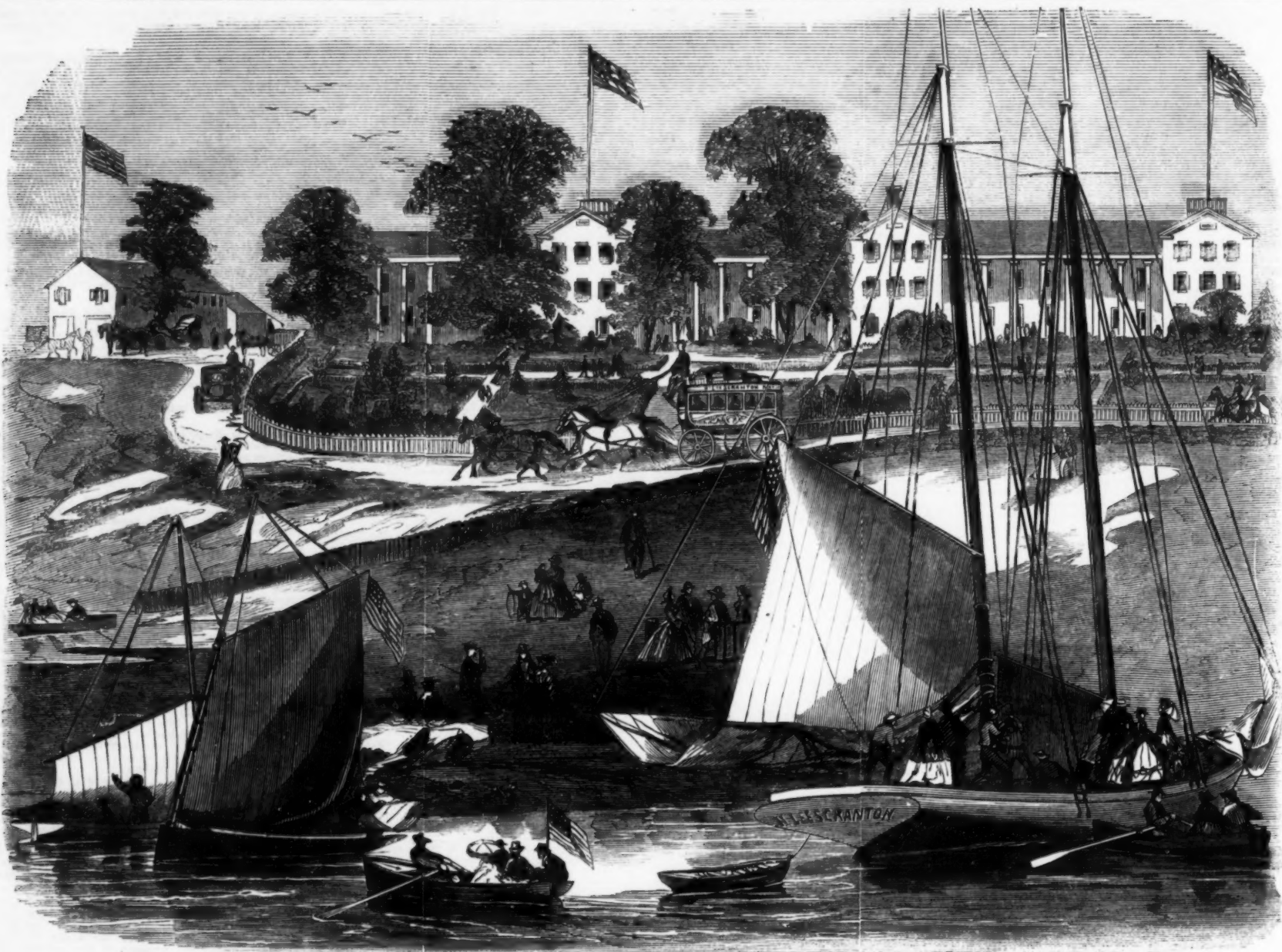
### Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers.

THIS gallant officer, who has just laid down his life for his country, was born at Lancaster, N. H., April 22, 1831—his father, the Hon. Ephraim Cross, having been for many years a State Senator. He began life as a printer in the office of the Coos County *Democrat*. He was next a reporter for the *Atlas* in Cincinnati, and then for five years local editor of the Cincinnati *Daily Times*. By this time he had risen to be chief editor, and displayed marked ability in that capacity and as Washington correspondent. Having travelled much in the Indian country, which he described with pen and pencil, he started for Arizona. In 1858, with a mining company, but the party was too small, and Cross acquired only skill as an Indian fighter. In spite of the difficulties of the position, he remained several years exploring the country and drawing up a full account of the natural features, resources and native tribes of Arizona. In 1861 he accepted the position of *Chef de Bataillon* in the Mexican service, and commanded the garrison at El Fuerte when the rebellion broke out. He instantly returned to New Hampshire and obtained a commission as Colonel of the 5th New Hampshire volunteers, which left the State Oct. 28, 1861. Col. Cross constantly led his regiment in the field, except when, as often happened, the command of the brigade devolved upon him. At Yorktown, Fair Oaks, Savage's Station, Peach Orchard, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill and Antietam, under McClellan, and at Fredericksburg under Burnside, his gallant command has won the highest distinction. At the battle of Chancellorsville he commanded Howard's "old 1st brigade," comprising, besides his own regiment, the 81st and 145th Pennsylvania and 61st New York. He was the senior Colonel in the army of the Potomac. In the battle of Gettysburg he was again acting Brigadier-General, and fell mortally wounded.

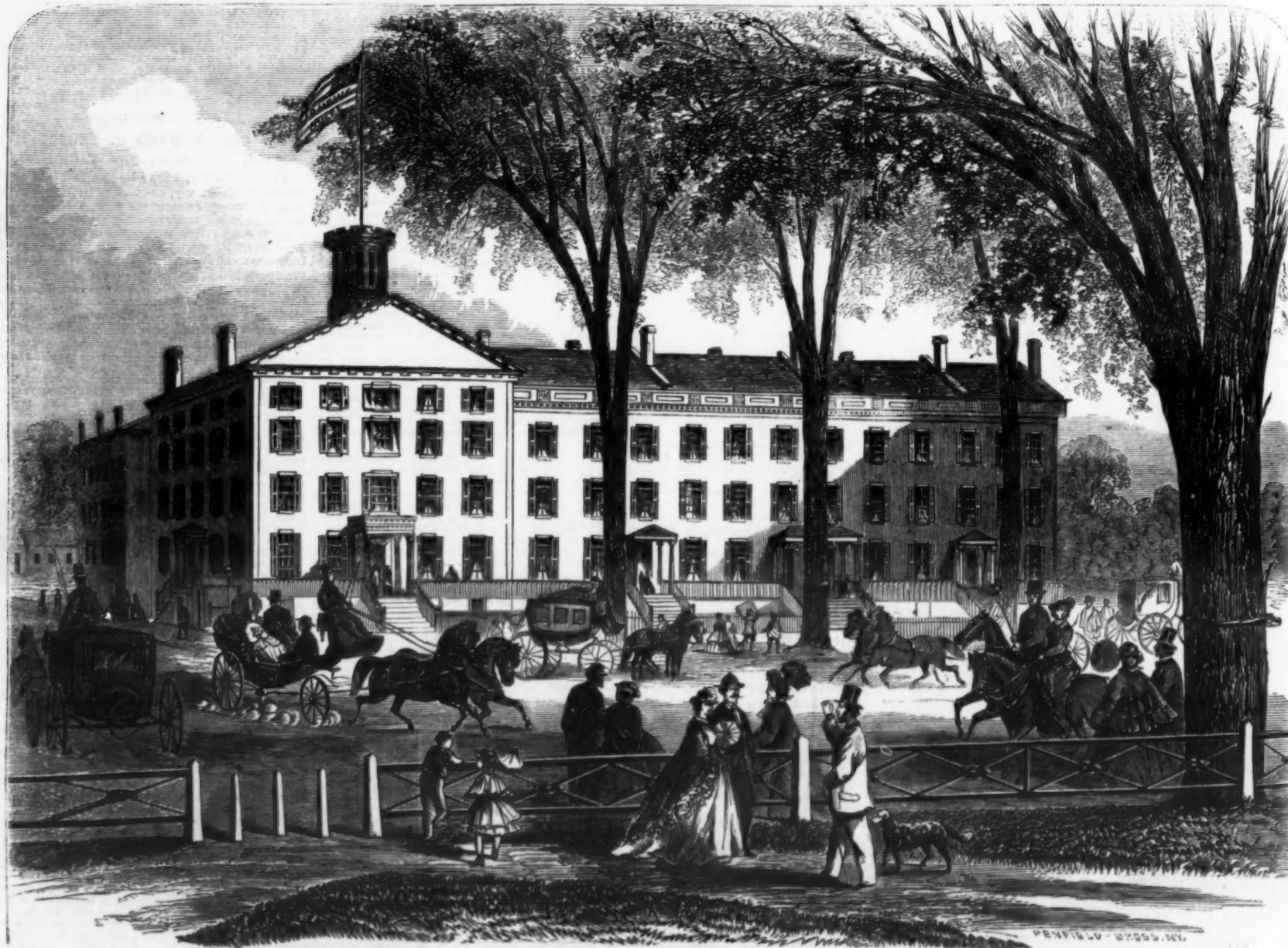
### EMMITSBURG, MD.

A SECLUDED village in the mountains of Maryland, almost unapproachable, and known to few at a distance, except Roman Catholics, to whom it has long been familiar as the seat of two of their greatest religious institutions. Emmitsburg re-echoes to the din of arms, and our Special Artist shows the victorious army of Meade pressing through its quiet streets to out off the retreat of Lee after the battle of Gettysburg. Emmitsburg lies in a fertile country, and has a population of 1,000. Its chief importance is derived from Mount St. Mary's College, a famous Catholic theological seminary and college united, where Archbishops Hughes, Purcell and many other bishops and clergymen were educated. It was founded by Rev. John Dubois, afterwards Bishop of New York. The other institution is the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, founded in 1809, by Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, the widow of Dr. Richard Bayley. She established the order of Sisters of Charity in the United States, making this her first institution, and it has ever remained the head of the order.





SUMMER RESORTS—SACHEM'S HEAD HOTEL, GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT, W. E. SCRANTON, PROPRIETOR.



SUMMER RESORTS—FORTINE HOTEL, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, W. E. SCRANTON, PROPRIETOR.





SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—SHARPSHOOTERS IN THE RIFLEPIES CONSTRUCTED BY CAPT. HUNTER. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.

## TO A MOURNING MOTHER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

MOTHER, mourning for the loss  
Of thine only son,  
Listen to me, as I sing  
Of that absent one.



For he is but absent—gone  
To a land that's fair;  
In a few, brief, tearful years,  
Thou shalt meet him there.

He was brave and he was true  
As a knight of old,  
Kept his honor bright as steel  
And as pure as gold.

He was worthy of the name  
That his father bore,  
Worthy of thy tender love—  
Could'st thou ask for more?

Yes, a higher meed than this  
That dear soldier won,  
Worthy of his country's love,  
To be called her son.

'Twas for her he bled and died  
On that field of fame—  
In her heart, as in thy heart,  
Graven is his name.

Mother, weep no more for him,  
But rejoice to know  
That he died triumphantly,  
Charging on the foe.

That above his lifeless form,  
In his Southern grave,  
Where his comrades laid him down  
Victory's banners wave.

Well he sleeps, thy soldier son,  
In his lonely rest,  
As when, in his infant years,  
Cradled on thy breast.

Let him undisturbed repose  
Calm beneath the sod,  
Hallowed by his country's tears  
And the smile of God.

## PRIZE STORY No. 23.

## FOILED.

By Edith May.

## CHAPTER I.

"MADAME CANNING desires Miss Lawrence's presence in the library" were the words which arrested Helen Lawrence's attention, as, with bowed head and burning brow, she bent over her desk in the pleasant school-room of Madame Canning's establishment.

When she entered the apartment designated madame advanced to meet her with the queenly grace for which she was celebrated. Yet her face, trained as it was to conceal the emotions of the heart, bore traces of agitation.

"Miss Lawrence," she began, "I regret to inform you that our relation as teacher and pupil is about to end. The last mail has brought a communication from your uncle, informing me that you are to return home immediately. Indeed," she continued, referring to a letter which she held, "you

are expected to leave to-morrow with M. Duprez and your brother, who will accompany you."

"My brother?" asked the young girl, who until then had remained silent.

"Yes; your uncle apprehends that the present difficulties will result in war, and considers it prudent that you both return without delay. As your preparations will be somewhat hurried," she added, icily, "I will excuse you from all duties while you remain."

A haughty bow was the only acknowledgment of the kindness. Yet the tears crept into the large dark eyes and trembled on the long silken lashes.

When alone in her own room, the door locked upon all intruders, she threw herself into an arm-chair, near one of the long white-draped windows. The pride that had sustained her during the interview vanished, the defiant eyes drooped beneath their silken curtains, the firm lips quivered, and the stately head was bowed in grief.

As in the first burst of sorrow she wept in hopeless abandon, she looked not unlike a fragile lily bowed before the passing storm; and the dark green chair stretched out its arms protectingly, like lily leaves, to shield their charge. Soon the fierce storm abated, only the gentle shower remained; the lily raised its fair head, sprinkled with pearly drops, which in the bright sunlight sparkled and glistened like jewels.

Helen Lawrence was a true type of Southern beauty, yet the impulse of disposition was guided and controlled by firmness and principle; the passion that lit the dark eyes governed by coolness and judgment; the Southern languor and indolence

neutralized by perseverance and industry. For although of Southern birth, she had been carefully educated in Northern principles and habits.

Soon she became more calm, and drawing a miniature from her dress, gazed tenderly and sadly into the face that smiled upon her. A manly, noble face it was, with clear, honest eyes, broad, thoughtful brow, and lips which, although now touched



The Dying Soldier.

with sunlight, were shaded by strong lines, ready, at the slightest notice, to transform them into monuments of firmness. Another face smiled upon her from the ivory, differing from the first, in soft, lustrous eyes, beaming with poetry, and full, arched lips, sensitive and pleading. The face seemed to appeal to her, for again a sob burst forth from her lips.

At that moment there was a gentle knock at the door, followed by a kind voice, asking for admission. The intruder was unlike Helen in every respect, yet her eyes beamed a glad welcome, for in the school Marion was her only companion, her sole confidant, her best friend.

"Am I unwelcome, Helen?" she asked, as she brushed the soft hair from the temples of the weeping girl.

"No, Marion. How could you be unwelcome, my only friend?"

"Calm yourself, Helen, and tell me what has caused this grief."

"Do you not know, Marion? Uncle George commands me to return home."

"When and how?"

"To-morrow morning, with Willie and Reginald."

"You will not go, Helen?"

"How can I do otherwise? Uncle is our guardian, and Willie and I are both under age."

"You will surely see Philip before you leave Helen?"

"It will be impossible. I cannot see him this evening, and shall not have time in the morning."

"Oh, Helen, how can I let you go, and with Reginald, too? I fear everything for you. I do not like him; for I think he would not hesitate at any means to accomplish his designs. He loves you, Helen, and may force you to marry him."

"Do not fear that, Marion; he could not force me. You doubt my strength," she answered proudly.

"I do not doubt your strength, but your power



The Forged Letter.



to use it. Do not go, Helen," she continued, folding her arms around her friend. "Come to my home until Philip shall persuade you to leave it for a happier one."

"And be a portionless bride! No, Marion; I could not be dependent even on you and Philip—but it is so hard to leave you," and again she wept.

"If Philip were only here to add his persuasions to mine, Helen!"

"It could not alter my decision. I must return home, claim my property; then Philip may come for me, and he will find me true to my promise and to my love. I shall write him a long farewell, which you will give him, will you not, Marion?"

"Yes, Helen, I promise you it shall reach him safely."

"Now leave me, dear Marion. As madame kindly observed, my preparations will be somewhat hurried. I will call you as soon as they are completed, and you shall stay with me until I leave."

With this promise Marion unwillingly departed, leaving Helen to meditate upon the memory of the past, the sadness of the present, and the uncertainty and foreboding of the future.

It was the evening of Madame Canning's monthly reception. The large drawing-rooms, radiant with gaslight, youth and beauty, resembled some sylvan scene: nor were the fairies less lovely, or their voices less musical than those who ride on moonbeams and breakfast on dew and honey.

The fairest of them all, the queen of beauty, was Maud Canning, madame's only daughter. Petite, fair and graceful, she seemed made to be loved, petted and caressed; yet her blue eyes could stare with strong indifference, and her arched lips curl with ineffable scorn, when some unfortunate swain dared to declare his admiration and devotion.

Among the fortunate few of the sterner sex whom madame admitted within the pale of her sanctuary Philip Revere was the most eligible, the one whom she had chosen as the husband of her own child, and she was congratulating herself upon the success of her plans when the arrival of Helen materially interfered with their accomplishment. Thwarted and nonplussed, she had ever regarded Helen with jealousy and dislike; still, as it was not for her interest to offend so profitable a scholar, she had patiently awaited some propitious moment to execute the revenge so long premeditated.

Philip Revere stood leaning against a column this evening, hurriedly scanning each face in the throng in evident disappointment. A fair hand was laid lightly upon his arm, and as he turned, its owner said:

"A penny for your thoughts, monsieur!"

"Ah, Miss Maud, they are not to be bought; they are very precious, I can assure you."

"So more probably their object is precious," was the arch reply, looking up coquettishly in his face.

"You are quite right in your surmise," said Philip laughing. "Now, Miss Maud, can you give me any information regarding said object?"

"If you mean Helen Lawrence, I am most happy to say that I can do so. Still this is not a place to tell secrets," she added, after a moment's pause; "come to the conservatory, and then I will tell you all I know."

Philip offered his arm, and as they passed madame a glance full of meaning passed between mother and daughter.

"Now," said Philip, as he paused before his companion, having seated her in one of the grotesques of the conservatory, "tell me where Helen is this evening."

"That is beyond my power to answer. She left here this morning with her brother and M. Duprez for New Orleans."

"I left New York?" asked Philip, in surprise; "and without seeing me! Did she not leave a message or note for me?"

"Yes, she left you this," replied the young lady handing him a tiny white envelope, and closely watching his countenance while he read.

If she expected any violent demonstrations she was mistaken, for Philip Revere was too much a man of the world to betray his feelings on all occasions. Truly the face blanched a little, and the lips were firmly compressed, yet he was apparently as composed as usual. Perhaps there was a tinge of irony in his voice, as, bending his piercing eyes full upon the girl, he asked:

"Did Helen give you this note?"

That searching look did not daunt her, and very innocently she replied:

"Yes, she gave it to me."

"Why did she give it to you rather than Marion?"

She was evidently prepared for this also, for she answered, without hesitancy:

"Marion was obliged to return home soon after Helen left."

"Miss Maud, are you aware of the contents of this note?" he asked, after a pause.

"I am not. Helen was not very communicative with any one, except Marion; but there is a report that Helen has been engaged for some time to M. Duprez, and that she is to be married upon reaching New Orleans."

"You know that to be a falsehood! and I do not believe Helen ever wrote this note," said Philip, sternly. "Helen is as true and innocent as an angel!"

"You are very unjust to me, monsieur. What possible object could I have in telling you a falsehood?" The soft eyes filled with tears, and the sweet voice trembled with agitation. "I did not think you could accuse me of such hypocrisy and deceit."

Philip Revere was human, and could not withstand such an appeal to his generosity. In a softer voice he said:

"Forgive me, Miss Maud, I fear I have been unjust."

"You have been very unjust to me; yet I forgive you," she replied, extending her hand, while she wiped away the ready tears.

Very lovely she looked in the dim light and perfumed atmosphere of the conservatory, the light drapery of her dress, the nude arms and shoulders, white and dimpled, and the fair hair falling in silken curls to her taper waist.

Philip did not seem to like the picture, for presently he said:

"I thank you, Miss Maud, for your kindness; yet I will not keep you longer from enjoying yourself. Shall I escort you to your mother?"

When they entered the salon madame watched them earnestly, apparently endeavoring to read from their countenances the import of the interview. Philip's expression baffled her, but with motherly intuition in her daughter's, she discovered the mortifying intelligence that in her present effort she was foiled. Still that should not discourage her, and with womanly instinct she presented a firm front, while she gathered her forces for a fresh attack.

"Well, monsieur," she said, after the usual greetings had been exchanged, "we miss one of our fairest flowers this evening. I presume you have noticed her absence?"

"Yes, madame, I regret Miss Helen's absence exceedingly," was the calm reply.

"It is quite a romantic affair; the young lady at school—then the statement must quarrel with their Southern brethren—war threatens—the young Southern gentleman rushes to the North, bears the flower to her native orange groves, there to become his bride."

Madame bent a penetrating look upon Philip, but she elicited nothing except a cool bow. Not daunted, she continued gaily, tapping Miss Maud's dimpled shoulder with her fan:

"Ah! rosebud, would you not like to have some one bear you to the sunny South?"

"Nay, mamma, I should prefer that some one would wish to keep me here."

She had not withdrawn her hand from Philip's arm, where it rested like the petal of a waxen flower, sparkling with jewels.

Madame noticed the hand with a triumphant expression. Philip looked down, caught the look, divined its meaning, then at the hand upon his arm, and a glance of suspicion crossed his face.

"Ladies, I shall be obliged to bid you adieu for the evening," gently displacing the hand from his arm. With a polite bow he withdrew.

Madame crimsoned with rage. "Foiled again," she hissed, between her closed teeth. "Helen Lawrence, we will yet meet upon equal terms."

Many times that night Philip re-read the few cruel words which bore Helen's signature. The church clock tolled the knell to the departed night, and morn peeped with airy eye through the misty curtains that canopied her couch—and still sleep had not visited his eyes. Carefully he had compared this letter with others of her writing; evidently the same hand had traced them all. Unwillingly he was forced to believe—what love refused to acknowledge—not that she was false, but that some circumstances, unknown as yet, had compelled her to write those cruel words. And there it must rest, until the veil of the future should be lifted and disclose the secret. He would write to Helen immediately, but it might be weeks before an answer could reach him. The thought was torture to his proud heart, yet it was the best he could do at present. And with this conclusion the sun peeped into his window, and streamed across the small oval portrait of Helen hanging above the mantel, lighting up the colors—steeping the eyes in liquid depths of truth—touching the lips with melting tenderness.

And as Philip gazed upon it, he said, "Helen, my first, my only love, I will never believe you false!"

#### CHAPTER II.

"You have my final answer, Reginald. I will never consent to become your wife."

"You do not intend it to be final, Helen. You cannot mean that?"

A young man of Southern form and features paused before Helen, anxiously awaiting her answer.

"I do mean all that I have said. I repeat, I will never become your wife!"

The face which met her gaze clouded with anger and disappointment. A dark, satanic purpose lit the eyes and curled the lips in strong, hateful lines; for all the heat and fervor of Southern passions centred in this young scion of chivalry.

"Helen, have you considered the consequences of this decision?" he asked.

"I have," was the firm reply; "you will taunt me with my helplessness, threaten me with solitude and confinement. You have already dragged me to this lonely plantation, where only slaves can witness your brutality, and now you think to frighten me into compliance; but you are mistaken."

"I am not mistaken. I have a threat yet untried at which even you will tremble!"

"I defy you!" said the girl, haughtily.

"You do! I warned you, yet you defy me, and you shall suffer. I will tell you what I can do. I can force that weak, puny boy, into the ranks; and will you see him enduring hardships, suffering and dying, when you know it lies in your power to prevent it?"

He paused, looking steadily at Helen, watching the effect of his words. Evidently he thought their object accomplished, for in a softened voice he said:

"Helen, listen to me. I love you, else think you I, Reginald Duprez, would thus plead? I ask you once more to become my wife; consent, and I promise sincerely to shield you and Willie from all harm. Will you not trust me, Helen?"

"Trust you," said the girl, shaking off the arm that sought to enfold her; "do you, a traitor to your flag and your country—do you ask me to trust you? What are promises and vows worth from one who willingly breaks sacred vows, betrays his trust, and dishonors the country of his birth?"

The utter contempt which the words conveyed irritated the young man; as he sprang to his feet he hissed:

"Traitor! You are the last one to make that accusation. It is well known that you are disloyal to our cause, that you sympathize with the North. Beware what you say, for as an officer of the Confederate army I am empowered to enforce that punishment which Southern laws and rights demand toward all disloyal citizens."

"Coward! to threaten a woman because she is helpless and alone! If I were protected you would not dare to treat me in this way."

"Suppose you appeal to some of your Yankee friends to come and rescue you! Or if you can wait until they occupy New Orleans, you can welcome them as your preservers."

"Reginald, I will not listen to your abuse in my own house—leave this room instantly!" said Helen, standing proudly erect, her head thrown haughtily back, and her eyes flashing angrily.

"Your house! Remember, Miss Helen, as a disloyal citizen you forfeit your right to its privileges and protection. I warn you I possess the power to make you suffer, and shall not hesitate to use it."

And with a fearful imprecation he left her presence.

The last sound of his footsteps fell upon Helen's ear, still she sat motionless, not heeding another step, light and quick, until a delicate, fair-haired boy stood before her. The sternness left her face then, and she smiled kindly upon him. Throwing her arms around his neck she bent her face upon his shoulder; but he had seen its stony expression, and attributed it to its right cause.

"Helen, has he dared to insult you again? I know by your face what has happened. Oh, if I were a man that I could resent it!"

"Hush, Willie, it is best to bear it patiently for a little while," she answered, soothingly.

"It is not best to bear it, Helen; besides, I fear he will force you to marry him."

"Do not fear that, Willie; he has tried to compel me and failed!" she said, bitterly.

"What did he say?—how did he expect to compel you?"

Helen hesitated; perhaps it was not wise to tell him; yet she needed advice and sympathy even from one as weak as he.

"The only threat that could influence me, Willie, to revenge himself upon you—to force you into the ranks."

"Did he say that, Helen?"

"Yes, that is what he threatened!"

All the poetic fire of his nature flashed in the boy's bright blue eyes, and his heart beat fast with indignation.

"Helen, would that influence you? Could you marry him to save even me from disgrace and death?"

"Could I see you suffer and die, Willie, when it was in my power to prevent it? Would I fulfil our mother's dying request by so doing? Have I ever neglected that promise, Willie?"

The boy knelt before her, clasped her tightly to his heart, and covered the dear face with kisses, while he said:

"Dear, dear Helen, you have ever been a true, kind sister to me; you have ever defended the weak boy, whom others despised; yet you shall never make this sacrifice for me. Rather would I die defending the cause I hate, than see you thus suffer! And why should you suffer rather than I?"

"I am stronger than you, Willie, and could endure suffering longer; but do not fear, I well know Reginald only intends to frighten me."

"If uncle George were here, Helen!"

"He will return before long, I think, and then we will be free from all of Reginald's persecutions."

The boy paced uneasily to and fro; his excitable disposition was not easily quieted.

"Helen," he asked, "do you not think it very strange that we hear nothing from Philip?"

"Yes, Willie, I have thought it very strange; but there may be many reasons of which we are ignorant."

"You do not doubt his faithfulness?"

The flush of womanly faith and girlish indignation illumined her face as she answered:

"No, Willie, I will never doubt Philip's love or faithfulness; and, my darling brother," she added, kissing his cheek, "I do not believe Reginald, with all his cruelty, could add one furrow to this fair brow."

Helen did not know the character of her enemy or she would not have slept so quietly that night—dreaming that a Union soldier, very like Philip Revere, came to rescue her, and when she called him she awoke, disappointed that it was but a dream. Nor was that the only disappointment she was doomed to meet that day.

When later in the day, after having searched every place in vain for Willie, the conviction was forced upon her that Reginald had executed his threat, Reginald, too, had disappeared. At last, discouraged and disheartened, she entered the cabin of the old slave who had nursed them both through childhood.

"Oh, Cassy!" she exclaimed, Willie is gone. I cannot find the slightest trace of him. I did not believe Reginald would dare do such a thing. Oh, that we had both died with mother!"

"Don't, chile, don't take on so."

And the faithful old creature lovingly caressed the head that rested on her bosom.

"Trust, chile—trust; de good Lord 'ill sartainly keep him in his car."

"Yes, I know he will, Cassy; but how can I wait, not knowing where he is, or what is his fate?"

"It's hard chile, hard, an Cassy knows how ter pity ye; but ye must trust, an de good Lord 'ill sartain help ye. It's spec'd fur long time jest how 'twould end, Mas'r Reg'nald being bad young man—Cassy sorry 'nough to say it—but it's de truf. Poor Mas'r Willie," she continued, as if

talking to herself, "I've feared he's done gone to eber; 'pears like he's mighty weak and sickly."

"Oh, Cassy, don't say that."

"No, chile; I've wrong to say anythin' ter make ye feel bad."

"Yet, Cassy, I fear it is too true. Willie cannot long endure suffering. What can I do to help him?"

"If Mas'r George only cum home, but Mas'r Reg'nald neber give him up nohow to us."

"Cassy, have you no idea where he is?"

"No, chile; I donno anythin', 'cept in de night I herd a noise, and got up and look out ob 'all door, an' I seed Mas'r Reg'nald an' tro' or tree oders gallopin' off, and I wondered den what he was up to."

"Oh!" she sighed, as she returned to the now lonely house, "had I believed Reginald would have done what he has, I would have saved Willie at any sacrifice."

Days passed, bringing no intelligence of the missing one.

One night, unable to sleep, Helen sat by her window, sadly thinking of the circumstances which had caused her so much sorrow. The death of her idolized mother, leaving Willie the only one on earth for her to love—whom she had loved wholly and entirely, until she met Philip—the sudden recall from school—the persecutions of Reginald—the silence of Philip—and saddest of all, the disappearance of Willie. Her uncle had not returned. It seemed strange that he should remain absent for such a length of time. Truly she had not seen him since her return; but Reginald had informed her that he was at Charleston transacting business, and would soon return.

She wept as she thought of her helplessness; yet, as she looked out upon the night, of all nights the most beautiful—a tropical night—its strange, wild beauty calmed her.

Soon, at the extent of the long avenue leading to the house, she discovered an object moving slowly and cautiously along.

Straining her eyes, she found it to be a number of men carrying something between them; they advanced, passed into a grove of trees, and were lost to view.

Excited, she listened intensely, and heard the sound of falling earth. What could it mean? Then she thought came to her they were digging a grave.

Lost to all thoughts but this, she left the house and ran swiftly down the avenue, reaching the place just in time to see something lowered into a grave and the earth thrown hastily into the opening.

Two gentlemen, evidently officers, were standing near, watching the operation. Helen instantly recognized one of them as Reginald. Going up to where he stood, she exclaimed:

"Reginald, what have you done? Who have you buried there?"

The young man started as if an apparition stood before him; as if relieved to find it flesh and blood, he said:

"Helen, why are you here? Go to the house instantly!"

"No, Reginald, I will not go. Tell me who you have buried there; is it, oh! is it Willie?" she gasped, catching his arm in her eagerness.

"Nonsense, girl, what has put that notion into your head?"

"But it is Willie, I know it is. Oh, Reginald, why did you not let me see him once more?"

"Helen, are you insane? I tell you it is not Willie; he is safe and well."

But he talked to ears that did not heed him. Overpowered by the awful thought, Helen had fainted, and Reginald turned just in time to see her fall heavily to the ground. Gently, and almost tenderly, he raised the prostrate form, and bore her to the house, leaving her to Cassy's good nursing. Then, with a heavy heart, turned and walked slowly down the avenue.

I say with a heavy heart, for I would not have you think, reader, that this young man—although cruel and selfish—was heartless. No, for even the most depraved son of Adam has still a collection of tender feelings tucked in some shy corner, which he calls his heart.

#### CHAPTER III.

DAYS, weeks and months had passed, leaving only the memory of their sadness to tell that they had lived. They had left their traces upon Helen, for although the old haughtiness still remained, the bloom and elasticity of health had departed.

Sad months they had been, broken by no letter from Philip; months of watching by the lonely grave she believed to contain her brother, months soon to end, how she could not determine, dared not hope.

At the close of a long sultry day, Helen sat in the veranda, watching a horseman galloping up the avenue. As he approached, she recognised him as Cassar, one of her own servants, whom Reginald had compelled to follow him when he left the plantation.

Cassar was the most faithful of the few slaves Helen owned, few in comparison to others of equal wealth. They were the remnant of a large family who, having received their freedom upon their master's death, were scattered through various parts of the country, and these being either too young or too old to provide for themselves, were given a home on the plantation, the young ones to be liberated upon reaching a suitable age. After Mr. Lawrence's death his wife had returned to her native State, at the North, leaving the plantation and slaves to the care of her brother-in-law, and at her death he became the guardian of her children.

He was a man possessed of many noble traits of character, and Helen anxiously awaited his return, knowing that then she and Willie would have a protector.

"Well Cassar, where did you come from?" she asked, as he alighted.

"From Mas'r Reg'nald, missis," replied the darkey, dropping his cap.



"And where is he?"

"He's cummin' home, an' sent me on a for' ter tell ye, and ter give ye dis," handing her a letter. Helen took the letter, opened it, and her face whitened as she read:

"The time has arrived when it is useless to deceive longer, so I tell you that the grave in the Orange Grove contains the remains—not of your brother—but of my father, your uncle. He was shot on his return from Charleston, for exhibiting Union sentiments, and it was thought best to bury him secretly. Now that he is dead, you will see how completely you are in my power, and how useless it will be to oppose my wishes. I shall probably reach the plantation to-morrow night, accompanied by a clergyman and two or three brother officers. We will be married the next morning, and proceed immediately to Richmond, where it is my intention to leave you until the close of the war. You may dislike the absence of lady friends on this occasion, but there is no one nearer than New Orleans, and it would be impossible to reach them in so limited a time; however, you have Kitty, and can take her with you. I hope to find you well and ready to obey my wishes upon my arrival."

"Cæsar, Willie is not dead; but do you know where he is? Is he with Reginald?"

"No, missis; it's very long time sence he bin wid Mas'r Reg'nald. I know whar he is, but I's 'fear'd to tell ye."

"Where is he Cæsar? You must tell me; I am calm, do not fear."

"Wal, missis, he was at O'leans last week wid Mas'r Reg'nald, an' dey war mighty big fight, an' de-Yankees dey tuk de city, an' Mas'r Willie he git little hole shot in his arm, an' dey tuk him, an' I spee dey got him yit."

"Thank God! he has escaped. But, oh, if he is wounded, he may die before I can reach him. Cæsar are you sure the Yankees have taken the city?"

"Sartin, missis. I seed de ole flag a flyin' ober de city, an' I he'd Mas'r Reg'nald say, de dam Yankees got de best of us dis time."

"Would they had got him!" exclaimed Helen, bitterly.

"No fear, missis, he'll git cotched yet; but it take de very debil to do it!"

"Cæsar, do you think I could get to New Orleans without being taken?" asked Helen, eagerly.

"Dunno; it's right smart way off," scratching his head, meditatively. "Per'aps ye could git dere afore Mas'r Reg'nald cotch ye."

"Will you go with me, Cæsar?"

"Tink as how it wouldn't be de best way, missis!"

"Why not, Cæsar?"

"Wal, yer see, missis, when mas'r say he be cummin' home to take missis off wid him, den I say mysef, 'Cæsar, young missis she neber stay home now, nohow. I tink she be for done goin' off to O'leans ter see Mas'r Willie. I tink de best way would be fur her to take Kitty, and go to Mas'r Willis's, 'case he's very good mas'r, an' he'd help her off.' So when I cum past dere, I stop an' tell mas'r all 'bout it, an' ax'd him ef he'd help you, an' he say he would—only don't let anybody 'cept missis know. I sed so. Den I say mas'r needn't be feared, dis nigger neber peach, nohow."

"I don't know but you are right, Cæsar, and I will follow your advice. Reginald will not be here until to-morrow evening, when Cassy can tell him I am in my room, so he will not discover my departure until the next day, when I shall be far on my way. Cæsar, are you not afraid Reginald will suspect you of helping me, and punish you?"

"No, missis, he neber 'spect Cæsar ob such ting. Den very soon, if missis is willin', I jine her in O'leans; 'case you know how I don't 'long to Mas'r Reg'nald."

"Yes, you may come, Cæsar. I wish I could take you with me. Be careful of yourself."

"Neber fear, missis; dis chile take good care of heself. What t'me ye be ready ter go, missis?"

"To-night, Cæsar, about eleven o'clock; if that will be a good time?"

"Yes; jest 'bout de time de moon go down, missis."

"I will meet you at the grave, where I often go with Kitty; so if I am seen I shall not be suspected. Cæsar, you may send Kitty to me."

"Sartin, missis," and with a low bow the faithful slave departed.

In a few moments a pretty mulatto girl, apparently near Helen's age, appeared.

"Kitty," said Helen, kindly taking the girl's hand, "are you willing to follow me?"

"Yes, missis, anywhere," was the ready reply.

"You know how dangerous an undertaking it is; are you not afraid to risk so much?"

"If missis can 'to I can—I am not afraid!"

"Thank you, Kitty; and now we will collect the few articles it will be necessary for us to take. Bid your mother good-bye, and by to-morrow I hope we will be far away."

The moon had just disappeared below the horizon, and the stars peeped watchfully upon the lonely grave in the orange grove. Once more Helen watered the grassy mound with her tears, wept, not in hopeless sorrow, for her only brother, but in sincere pity for her kind uncle, whom she feared had suffered more than she should ever know. Then the tears ceased to fall, and indignation, contempt and triumph flashed from her eyes.

"To think how he has treated me, the coward that he is! and then to presume to command me to marry him! Ah, Reginald, you have deceived and threatened me until you thought your object accomplished; but you played with edged tools; the weapon is turned, and you will be foiled at last."

"Very sorry to hurry ye, missis; but ye see it nigh time for us ter start."

"You are right, Cæsar; I am quite ready," replied Helen, taking one last look at all familiar objects and hurrying forward.

Very quietly the three glided down the avenue and were lost in the darkness.

Following Cæsar's guidance, they traversed many strange paths, and passed over three weary miles

long and weary indeed to one unused to such travelling. The end of the last mile brought them to a pretty house built in Southern fashion, surrounded by verandahs.

No light was visible; but Cæsar's knock brought a pleasant, benevolent-looking gentleman to the door. His face smiled a kind welcome upon Helen, and his clear blue eye expressed a truthfulness and honesty which none could doubt.

"Come in," he said, holding the door wide open; "you are right welcome. And you too," nodding at Cæsar, who still lingered.

"No, tank ye, mas'r; b'lieve it's 'bout time for me to be totting back, 'case how I might git cotched if I didn't."

"Good-bye, Cæsar," said Helen, extending her hand; "I do not want to part with you; but you must take good care of yourself, and meet Kitty and I very soon in New Orleans."

Helen entered the house. As she related to Mr. Willis the persecutions to which she had been subjected, the kind-hearted man wept in sympathy.

"Yes, Helen," he said, as she concluded, "I will assist you to escape at all hazards. I feel that I owe it as a duty to your father, who was my best friend. And your uncle, he too has gone—two noble brothers—would they were here to protect you!"

"And what will you do when you reach New Orleans, and find your brother?"

"We will go North by the first opportunity." "So we shall lose you altogether. Well, well, perhaps it is best. What is to be done with your slaves, Helen?"

"I shall take Kitty and Cæsar with me wherever I go, and the others are all too old to be removed. Mr. Willis, you will see that they are not abused, although I do not think Reginald will be at the plantation while the war lasts, and then I shall return."

"Time is precious, and if you can get rested, Miss Helen, we will start in an hour."

"Oh, yes; I am not tired."

"Here comes my wife," as the good lady entered and added her welcome.

"You must sleep while you can," she said as Helen protested against her command to take a nap, but in vain; the good lady knew what was best, so Helen yielded. In a few moments she was asleep, and secure in her kind friend's protection; she did not awake until Mrs. Willis called her to prepare for her journey.

## CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK after she left the plantation, Helen stood before the hotel—now used as a hospital—to which she had traced Willie.

Two days before she had reached New Orleans, after having passed through many dangers, and now, when so near Willie, the guard refused her admittance, her courage almost failed.

"No, madam; we have orders not to allow any one to pass," was the respectful but firm reply.

"I am a lady, and wish to see my brother."

"Sorry to refuse, but must obey orders. It is only a few days since we allowed some ladies admittance, and they poisoned two of our sick men."

Helen turned hopelessly to Kitty, who followed her.

"Ah! there comes our captain; he can decide," said the soldier, as an officer wearing the Federal uniform approached.

"Good morning, ladies," he said, bowing.

Helen turned upon hearing his voice. Throwing back her veil, she exclaimed:

"Philip!"

Philip Revere started.

"Helen, I have found you at last!" he said.

Then taking her hand he drew her into the building and pressed her to his heart, that heart which had beat truly and loyally for her through so many weary months.

Much explanation was given on each side. Philip told her of the cruel words Maud Canning had given him; how for a moment he would not believe her false; how he had sought Marion when she returned to school, and she had told him that she had been called home suddenly, and had entrusted Helen's note to one of the little girls, who promised to give it to no one except Philip; but when Marion returned the child told her that madame had asked her "if she had a note left in her charge;" and, unwilling to tell a falsehood, said she had; then madame had taken it away from her and forged another, seeking thus to destroy Philip's confidence.

"But thank God, Helen, she is foiled! After many months' search I have found you, and shall never again lose you from my sight."

In her joy at seeing Philip, Helen had been willing to stay a few moments from Willie; but now the desire to see him returned, strengthened by the delay.

In a few moments they entered the ward where Willie was, and passed quickly by the cots until they reached one where they found the form they sought.

His golden curls swept the pillow like quivering sunbeams over unsullied snow, and his blue eyes beamed with unearthly lustre. In a moment he recognized them.

"Oh, Helen, you have come at last! and Philip too. I see you once more in this world. I have waited so long for you, but you have come, and now I am willing to die."

"You are not going to die, Willie!"

"Yes, Helen, I am; my poor arm will not pain much longer. Philip, will you tell the boys, North, that I was not a coward, that I died bravely, for I have suffered," he said, a faint smile crossing his face.

"Yes, Willie, I will tell them."

"And Philip, you will take Helen north right away; I do not want her to stay where Reginald is. You may bury me here, in my own sunny South, for the old flag waves over the city now, and I would sleep beneath its stars and stripes."

Good-bye, boys," he said, raising himself up, and speaking to those who had been his companions in suffering; "remember, Willie Lawrence died bravely. Good-bye, Helen—mother—"

And with these words his spirit fled.

Very gently Philip laid the loved form back upon the pillows, and led Helen from the sad scene. When she next saw Willie he was pillowed upon the flag he had loved, his wounded arm bandaged with its folds; and as Helen saw the smile of happiness which rested on his lips, she felt he was free from pain. Lovingly they laid him to rest, where the old banner, as it floated in the breeze, sang a never-ceasing requiem over his grave.

A few days after, Helen stood by Philip's side, and he kissed her, and called her his bride. There were no wedding festivities; but the deep calm and holy peace that filled their hearts told how great was their happiness.

One day Cæsar appeared.

"Mighty glad ter git clar ob Mas'r Reg'nald," he said, by way of introduction.

"I suppose you are, Cæsar; you must tell me all that has happened since my escape."

"Sartin, missis; glad ter tell ye, sence it's all ober. Ye see I got back all right dat night, an' nobody 'spect whar I bin; den de nex day, jest afore night, Mas'r Reg'nald an' de oders dey cum. Mas'r he ax Cassy whar ye was; she say she 'spect ye in yer room. He say neber mind ter call her ter night, but in de mornin' he send her up fur ye, an' she cum back an' say de door locked. Mas'r he went up an' break in de door, an' find ye gone. Den he made sure, didn't he cuss an' swar, oh, oh, he make de niggers stan' round smart. Wal, he sarch eb'rywhere fur ye, an' cum 'most up ter de city, den he hear dat yes got some one to 'rect ye, an' he swar he kill young mas'r. So I thought I'd run 'way and come back ter missis."

"I am very glad that you have escaped, Cæsar. You shall never be in Reginald's power again."

"Hope not, missis. 'S'pect as how ye's goin' Norf soon?"

"Yes, Cæsar; we are going in a few days."

"Would ye take Cæsar wid ye, missis? Tink as how I could be useful ter young mas'r?" he said, glancing at Philip.

"I shall certainly take you, Cæsar, for your faithfulness; and I could not leave you when I take Kitty."

"Jest so, missis; Kitty an' I sarve ye right faithful."

Philip had received a furlough, and the first ship that sailed for New York carried them from the city.

As the roll of each wave bore them farther from the scene of so much sorrow, Philip pressed the hand that rested on his arm, and looking into the depths of those clear loving eyes, now beaming with happiness, he said:

"Helen, justice has come to us; although slowly, it has reached us at last. The star of our happiness has cleared the horizon, and now ascends surely and brightly to the zenith. Many have sought to quench its light, but their brightest hopes have failed, their best plans are thwarted, and in their deepest schemes they are foiled."

## SACHEM'S HEAD HOTEL, GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Tontine Hotel, New Haven.

The springs and watering-places have become too crowded with a less refined set, and really too uncomfortable to be what they were in other days, and as the pretext of health is no longer made, there is no reason why those who wish real enjoyment in the oppressive heat of summer should flock to these spots, and be at the mercy of mismanagement and discomfort.

This has developed some of the magnificent localities with which our country abounds. Mountains, with their grandiose scenery, lakes half hidden in grove hills, fairy spots by the noble seashore, have now become the temporary home to which the more intelligent and refined nowadays turn. Few places offer more attractions than the beautiful spot called Sachem's Head, at Guilford, Conn.

If a lover of natural beauty you find a cove of Long Island Sound, with all the picturesque beauty and attractiveness of Baliz or Caprica, refreshed by gentle breezes, and undisturbed by the soul-piercing hum of that pest of seashore, the mosquito. A noble yacht, and boats in all abundance, are ever ready to bear you out on the water to enjoy a pleasant sail, or with Isaac Walton woe the fish. The land, beautiful in its alternations of rock and plain, and well cultivated farm, with many a gentleman's seat rising like a fairy palace, offers, in every direction, charming drives, as we need not tell any who know the vicinity of New Haven, from which it is only 15 miles distant.

To the antiquarian the spot has more than usual interest. Here, after the fall of the fort at Mystic, the Pequots fled, pursued by Uncas, friend of the white man. On the neighboring point the last fierce struggle took place, and the Pequot remnant was hopelessly crushed. Their Sachem fell by the deadly arrow of Uncas, after swimming the bay and reaching the rocks, and the victor, cutting off the Sachem's head, fixed it on a pole, where it remained for many a year, giving the name which still obtains.

An old stone house, a fortress of the early days of colonization, still remains, and the visitor can be guided to the cellar where Goffe and Whalley, the regicides, were hidden from the pursuit of Charles II.

With all these attractions to render the site charming, what wonder that it has been selected as a summer resort? The hotel at this place is exactly what it should be for the purpose. No one knows better than the courteous proprietor the wants of families and gentlemen during their temporary summer home at a hotel, and none carry out more completely his knowledge of what they require. Long experience, a sincere desire and fixed resolve to consult the comfort and enjoyment of his guests enable him to make the Sachem's Head Hotel replete with every convenience, comfort and luxury, whether in the saloons, private rooms, the all-essential table, the attendance of servants or means of enjoyment. All will be found of the very highest order. What more indeed can be asked than a hotel, homelike in its comforts, with an excellent beach for bathing, fishing, sailing, gunning,

drives, and, for a rainy day, billiards, with a faultless cuisine, good wines and proper attention?

To the business man even it offers the advantage of constant telegraphic communication with all parts of the country.

Mr. Scranton has long been known as the able and successful proprietor of the Tontine House, New Haven, a hotel of the very highest character, and one which is well-known to all visitors of the Elm City. Indeed, to those who would prefer a short stay in a city like New Haven, with its attractions, the Tontine will offer all the advantages that the position affords in elegant rooms and capital table, and everything that can be desired.

## THE DRAFT RIOT IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK has been disgraced by a terrible riot unparalleled in her history, and attended by circumstances that probably never dishonored a mob in any city of the world.

The Conscription Law passed by Congress, though of doubtful legality and a more than doubtful policy, was at last to be enforced. Over 30,000 reluctant men, to be selected by lot, were, by the power of the law, to be forced at once from their homes in the city to the ranks of the army. It was a step the magnitude of which would appal the strongest Government, but here it was expected that it could be carried out without difficulty. Tokens and signs had not been wanting that showed how certainly trouble would ensue, yet the authorities took no steps to protect the officers charged with the execution of the law.

On Saturday, the 11th of July, the evening papers proclaimed the result of the draft in the Ninth District so far as it had proceeded. It came like a thunderclap on the people, and as men read their names in the fatal list the feeling of indignation and resistance soon found vent in words, and a spirit of resistance spread fast and far. The number of poor men drawn for exceeded, as a matter of course, that of the rich; their number to draw being so much the greater, but this was viewed as a proof of the dishonesty in the whole proceeding. This feverish state of the population was favored by men with various views. Agents rebels, who had been doubtless long here officially to avail themselves of such a moment, used all their eloquence and art; and, as all agree, the greatest leader in the riot was a Mr. Andrews, of Virginia. The ruffians and robbers of a great city soon joined their voices in hopes of plunder. Matters were soon organized.

On Monday morning the draft proceeded in the Ninth District, at No. 677 Third Avenue, the officers being utterly unconscious of the coming change. A crowd had meanwhile assembled, and towards eleven o'clock, as the name of Z. Shays, 633 West 43d street, was called, a stone was thrown through the window, and the crowd pouring in almost in a moment destroyed the wheel, the papers, books, everything connected with the draft, and everything in the rooms, the officers barely escaping with their lives, one of them, Mr. Vanderbilt, being, it is said, fatally injured.

Had it stopped here, the riot might have been regarded as a kind of spontaneous ebullition of excited men; but they proceeded to fire the building, the upper stories of which were occupied by many families, thus perilling hundreds of lives. They then cut the telegraph wires, and when the firemen arrived prevented them from extinguishing the fire. The house, with one on each side, was soon in ruins. The small force of police was powerless, and the only force sent was a squad of 40 soldiers, who were speedily attacked, and, after they had fired a volley of blank cartridges, disarmed and routed, many of them being horribly beaten. The police were then attacked and, although they fought well, were similarly treated.

A Mr. Andrews of Virginia here harangued the people and proposed to lead them. He is a tall man, with large whiskers and heavy moustache, wearing at the time a blue coat, light waistcoat and striped trousers. Under his guidance they tore up the railroad and proceeded to work.

Destruction and pillage was now evidently the design of the leaders of the mob. They proceeded to Lexington Avenue, and under pretext that a policeman was trying to enter it, attacked the house of Mr. William Turner, destroyed or carried off the elegant furniture, paintings, library and plate; and while the lady of the house and the next escaped with difficulty with their children to seek a shelter in the Station House, they beheld their home, with all its comforts, pillaged and in flames.

The Telegraph Office, in the Bull's Head Hotel in 43d street, was next ravaged, and the whole building plundered and set on fire. The Croton Cottage on Fifth Avenue met the same fate; and while these buildings were in flames, and a large boarding-house in the upper part of the row, the Frosted March's office in the 22d Ward, at No. 1148 Broadway, was then visited. Capt. B. P. Manierre had stopped the drafting and removed his papers; but as we have seen, overawing the authorities was only a part of the plans. The whole row of stores between 27th and 28th streets was plundered by the mob, and having thus reduced innocent families to beggary, they set the buildings on fire, and they were all burnt to the ground, together with some adjacent buildings on 28th street.

A party, about 3 o'clock, attacked a factory of arms on the Second Avenue and 21st street, owned in part by Mayor Opdyke. Here a defence was made for a time by a small armed force, but the mob soon dislodged them and fired the place, after taking all the arms they wished and destroying the rest. In the fight and afterwards several were killed at this point.

The Colored Orphan Asylum was next visited; and never, perhaps, has a mob destroyed a home raised by charity to shelter the poor orphan. No consideration could stay them. The house was pillaged of everything, and while some of the mob carried off beds, bedsteads, tables and chairs, others set the building on fire.

The Arsenal on Seventh Avenue was menaced, but the authorities, at an early hour, protected it, troops having been sent on from Fort Hamilton and Governor's Island.

Meanwhile Gen. Wool had been concerting plans with Gen. Sandford and Mayor Opdyke to repress the riot and prevent the further progress of pillage, murder and arson.

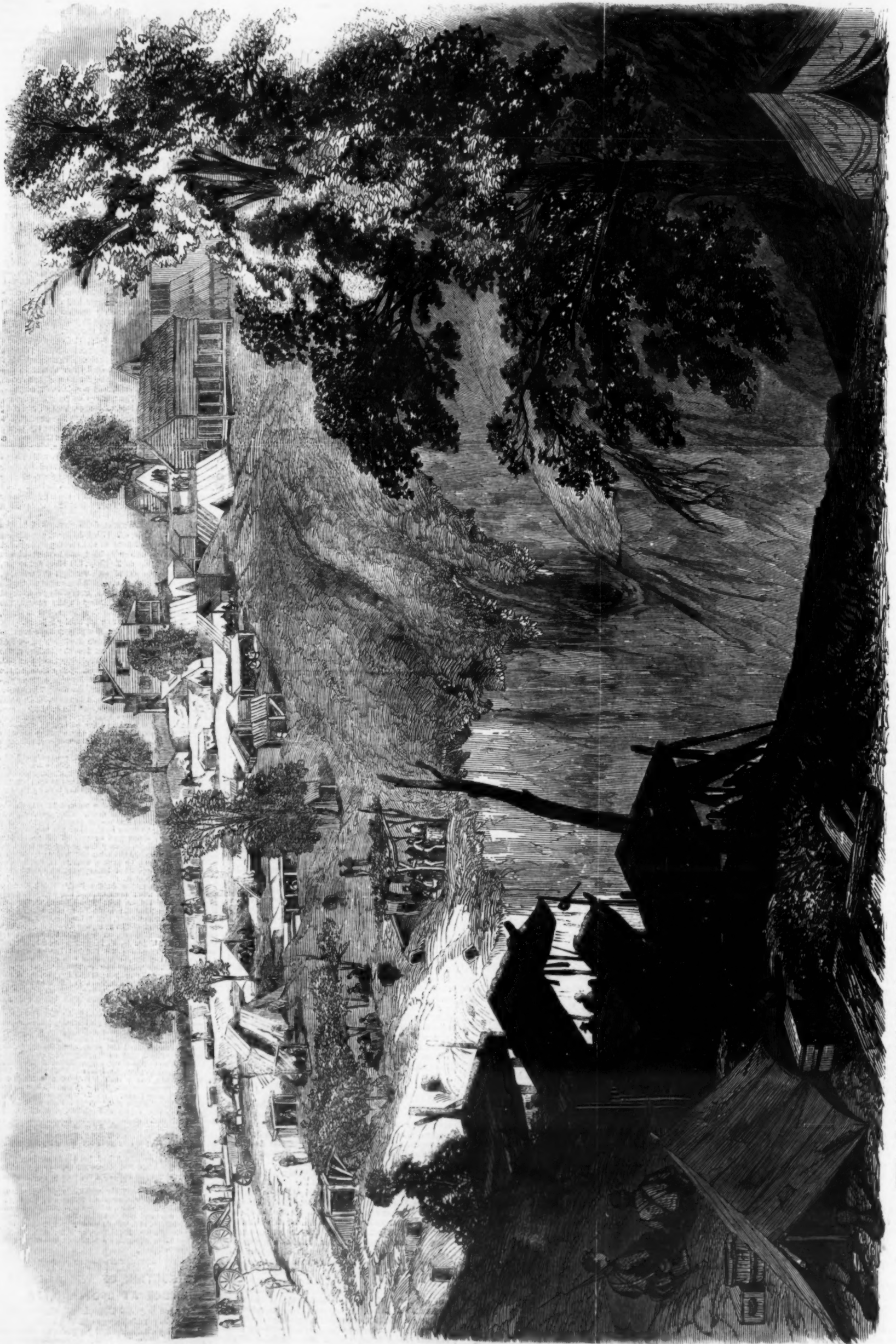
The amount of property wantonly destroyed will approach \$500,000, and must all be paid by the city.

During the excitement, wherever negroes were seen they were pursued and horribly beaten. One negro, in Spring street, in a melee, shot a white man, when he was pursued, caught, stripped and hung in Charlton street, his shirt being set on fire as he swung in his last agonies.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE AT SCOTLAND, PA.

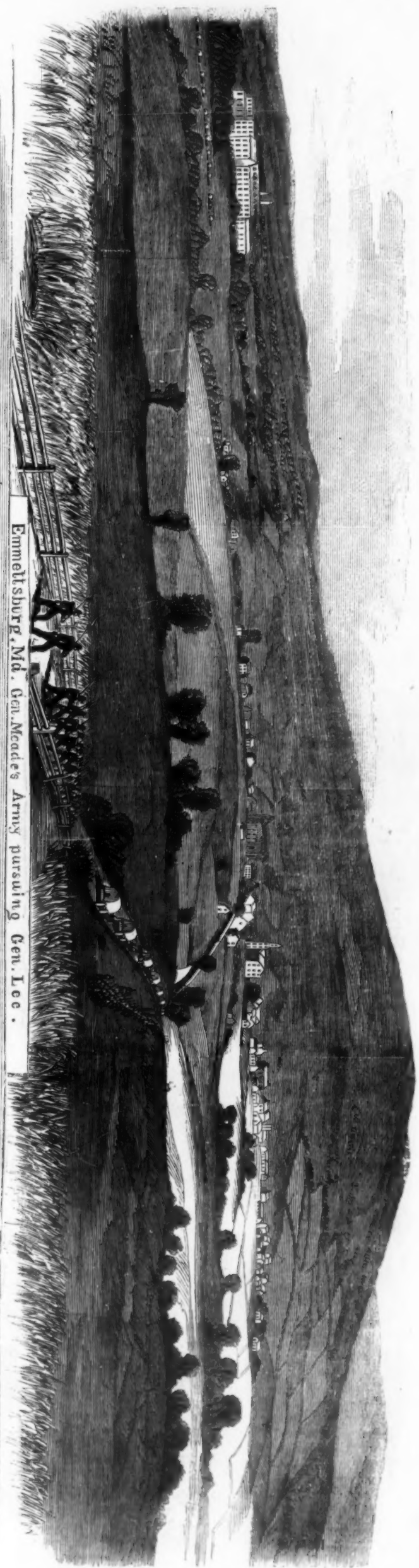
Six miles beyond Chambersburg the Cumberland Valley railroad crosses the Conococheague at Scotland by a romantic bridge, which was destroyed by the rebels on the 23d June. The scene depicted at the time by our Special Artist has been delayed by his capture. Scotland does not appear generally on maps, and is not a place in itself of importance.



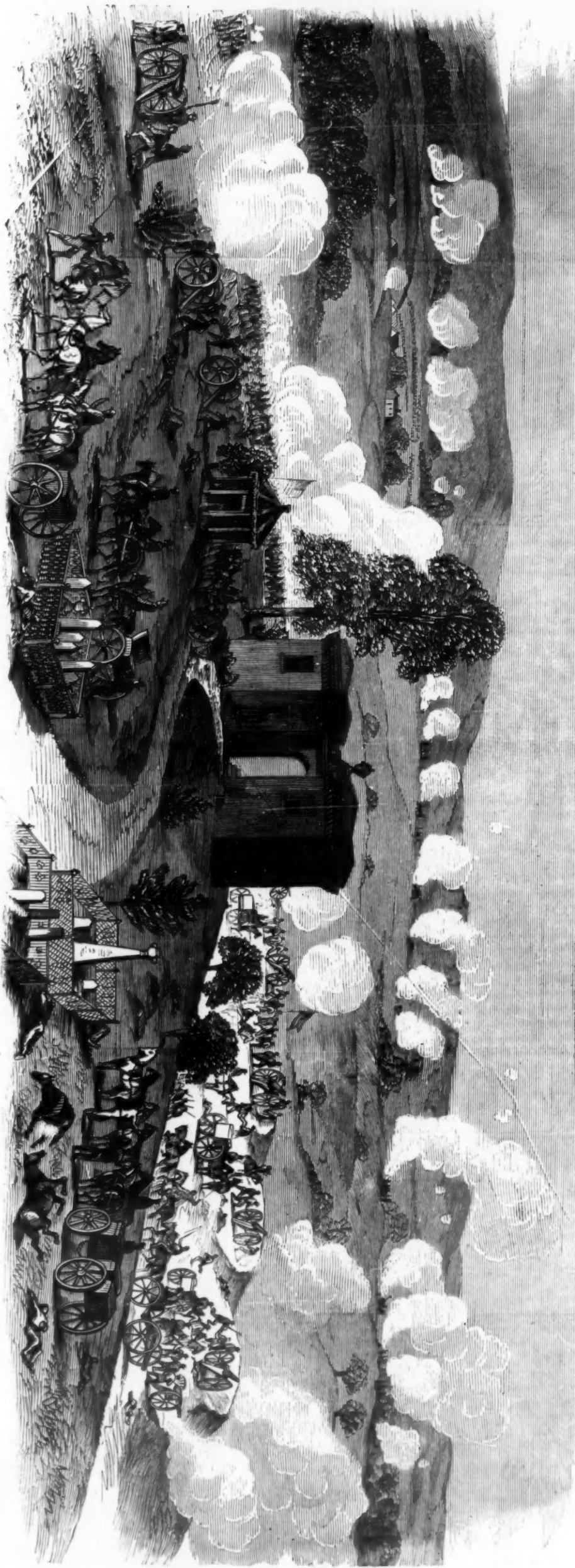


SEIGE OF VICKSBURG—LIFE IN THE TRENCHES—BIVOUAC OF LEGGETT'S BRIGADE, McPHERSON'S CORPS, AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHULZ.





Emmetsburg, Md. Gen. Meade's Army pursuing Gen. Lee.



INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA—BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—CEMETERY HILL, DURING THE ATTACK OF THE REBELS, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 3.

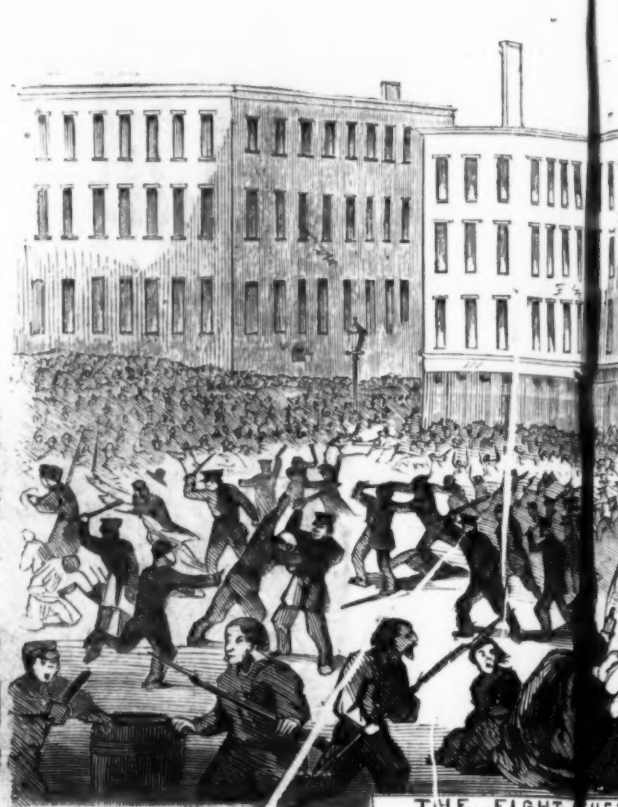




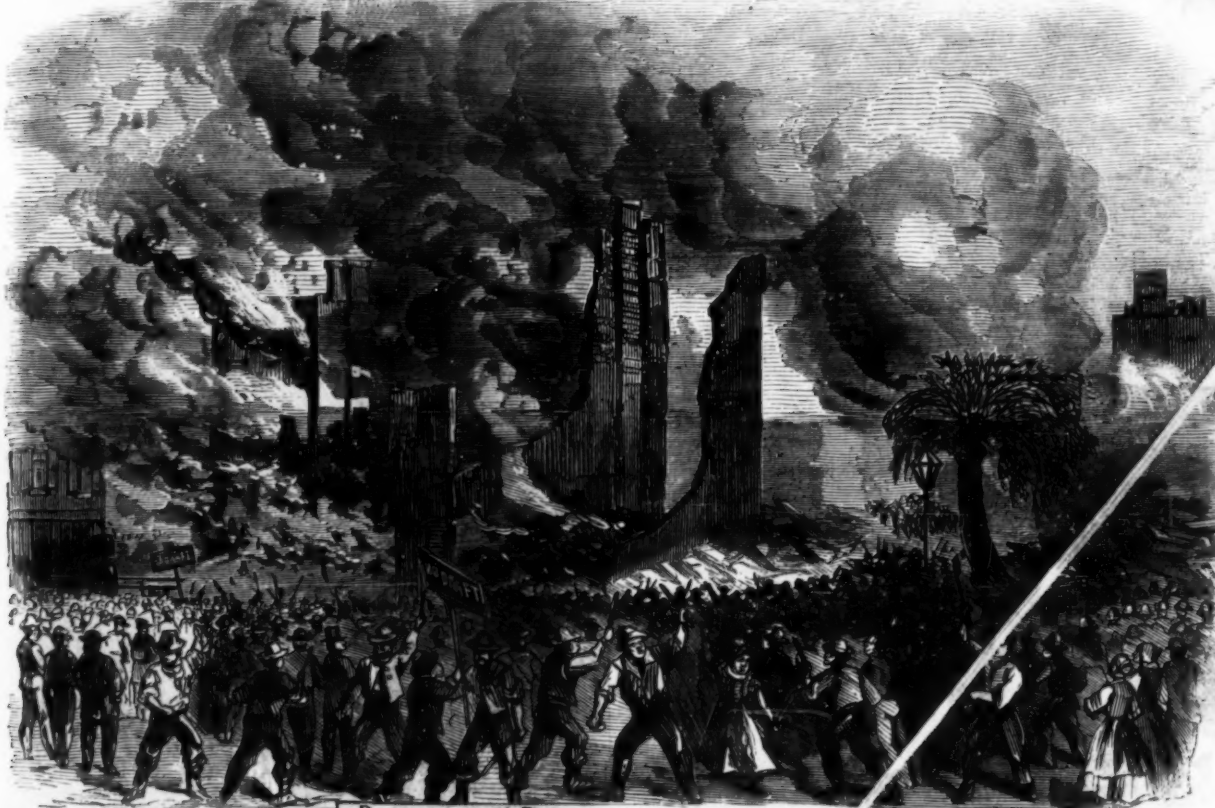
ASSAULT ON A NEGRO



TWO MEN PILLAGING.



THE FIGHT



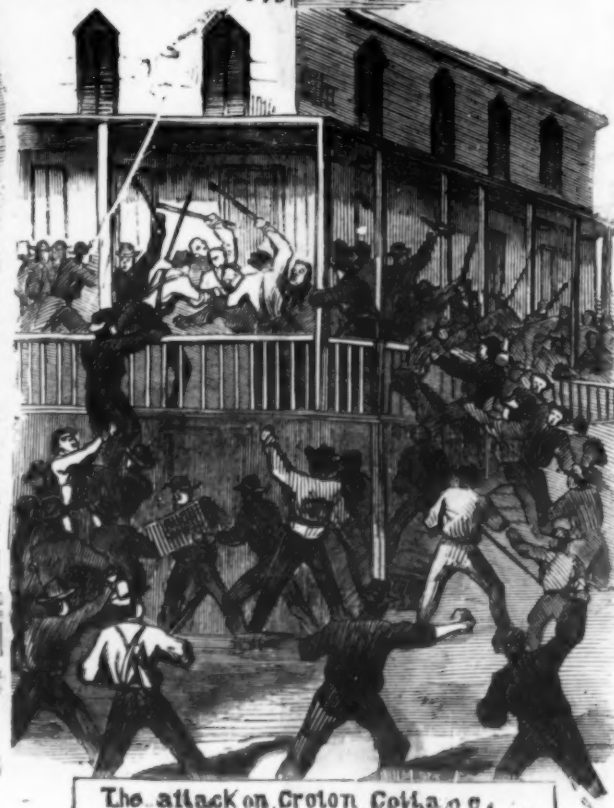
DESTRUCTION OF PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE



PROVOST GUARD



IN LEXINGTON AVENUE



The attack on Croton College.

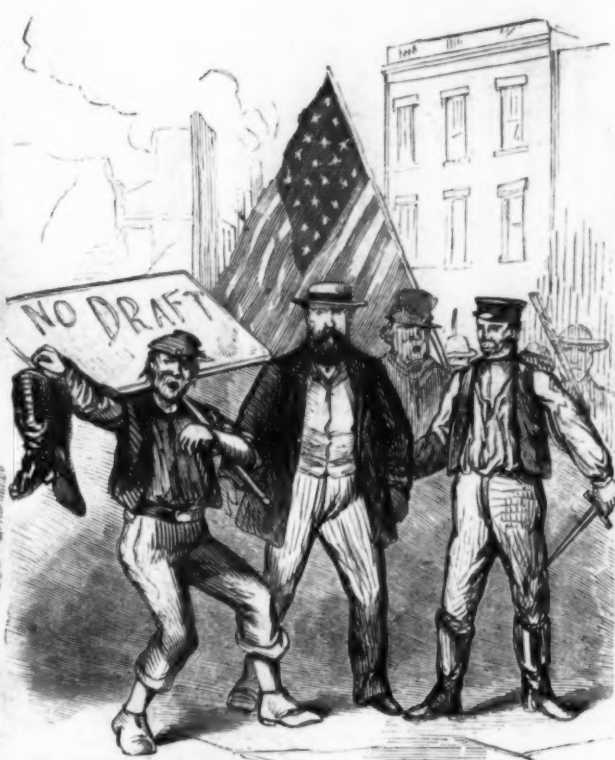


THE GREAT RIOT IN NEW YORK—SCENES ON





WEDNESDAY AT 22<sup>ND</sup> AV.



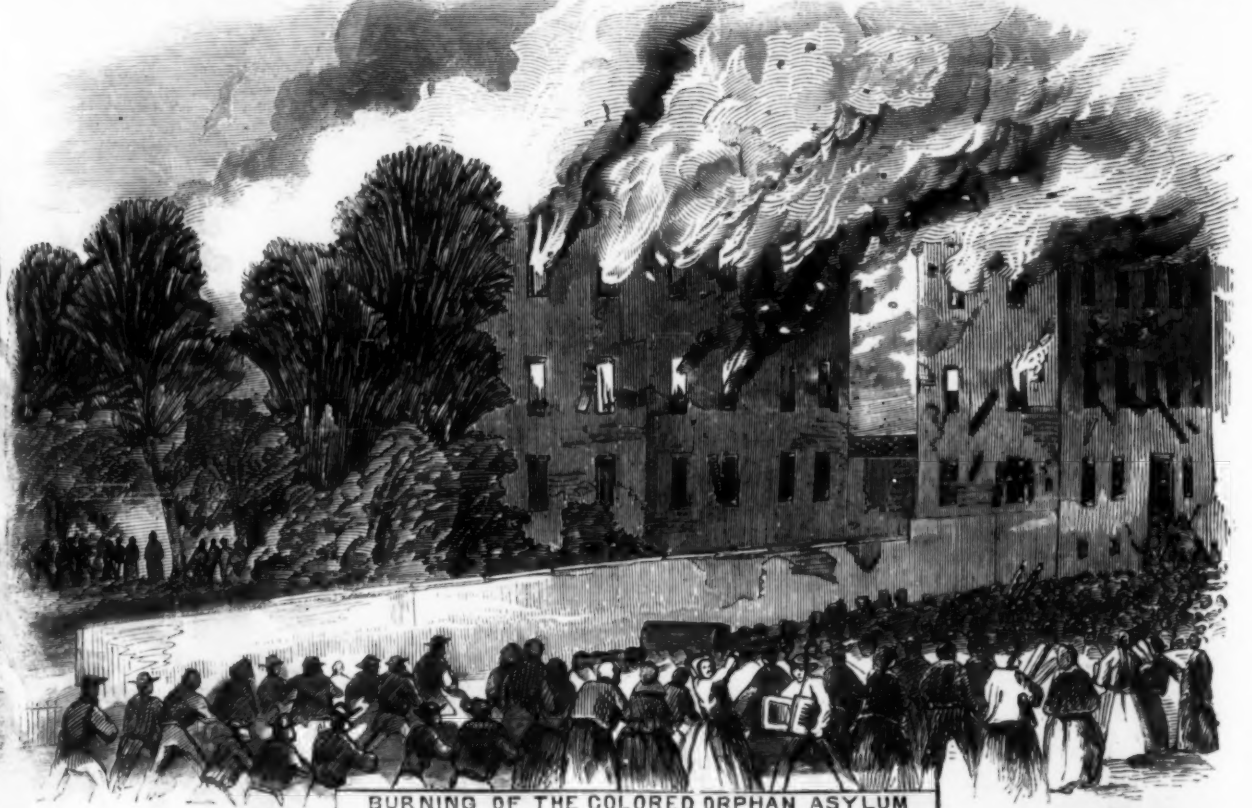
ANDREWS OF VIRGINIA & OTHER RINGLEADERS



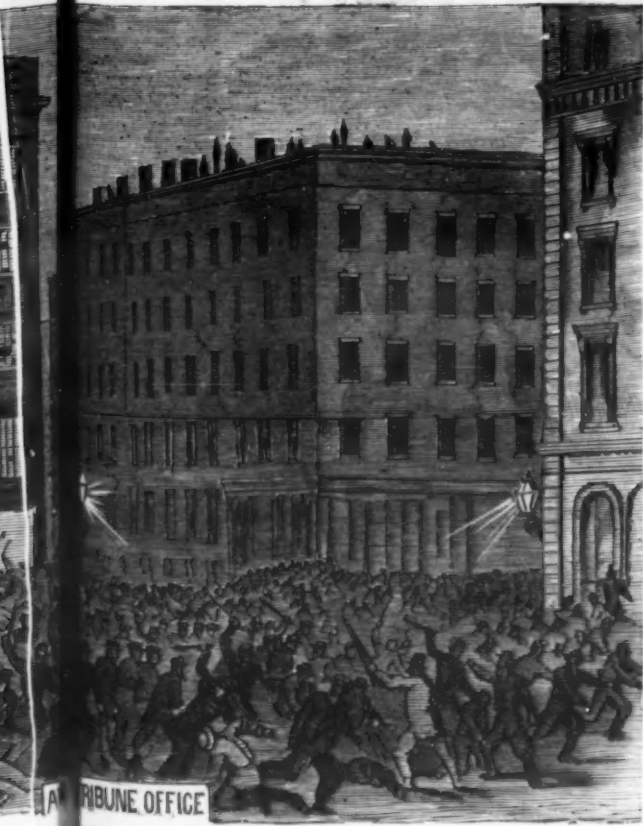
[HANGING A NEGRO IN CLARKSON ST.]



WARD AND THE RIOTER'S



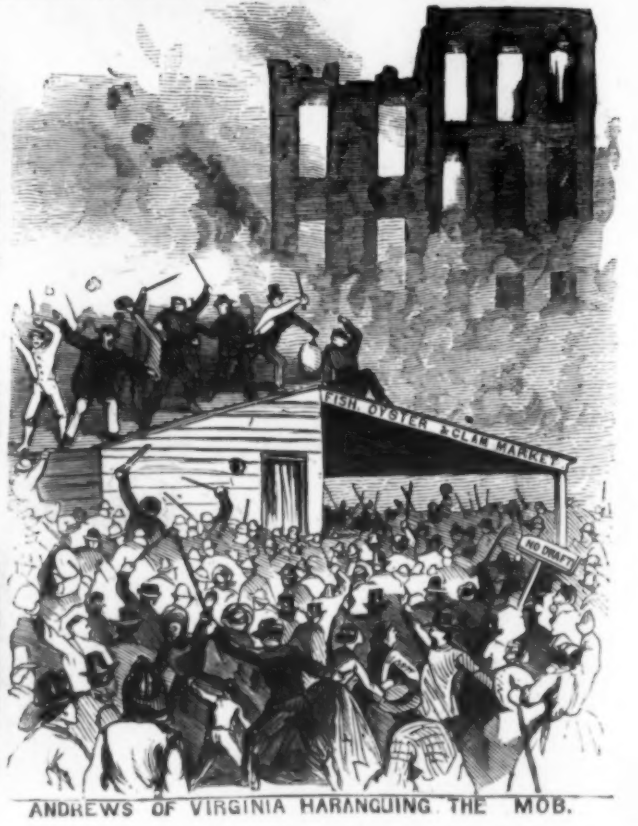
BURNING OF THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM



TRIBUNE OFFICE

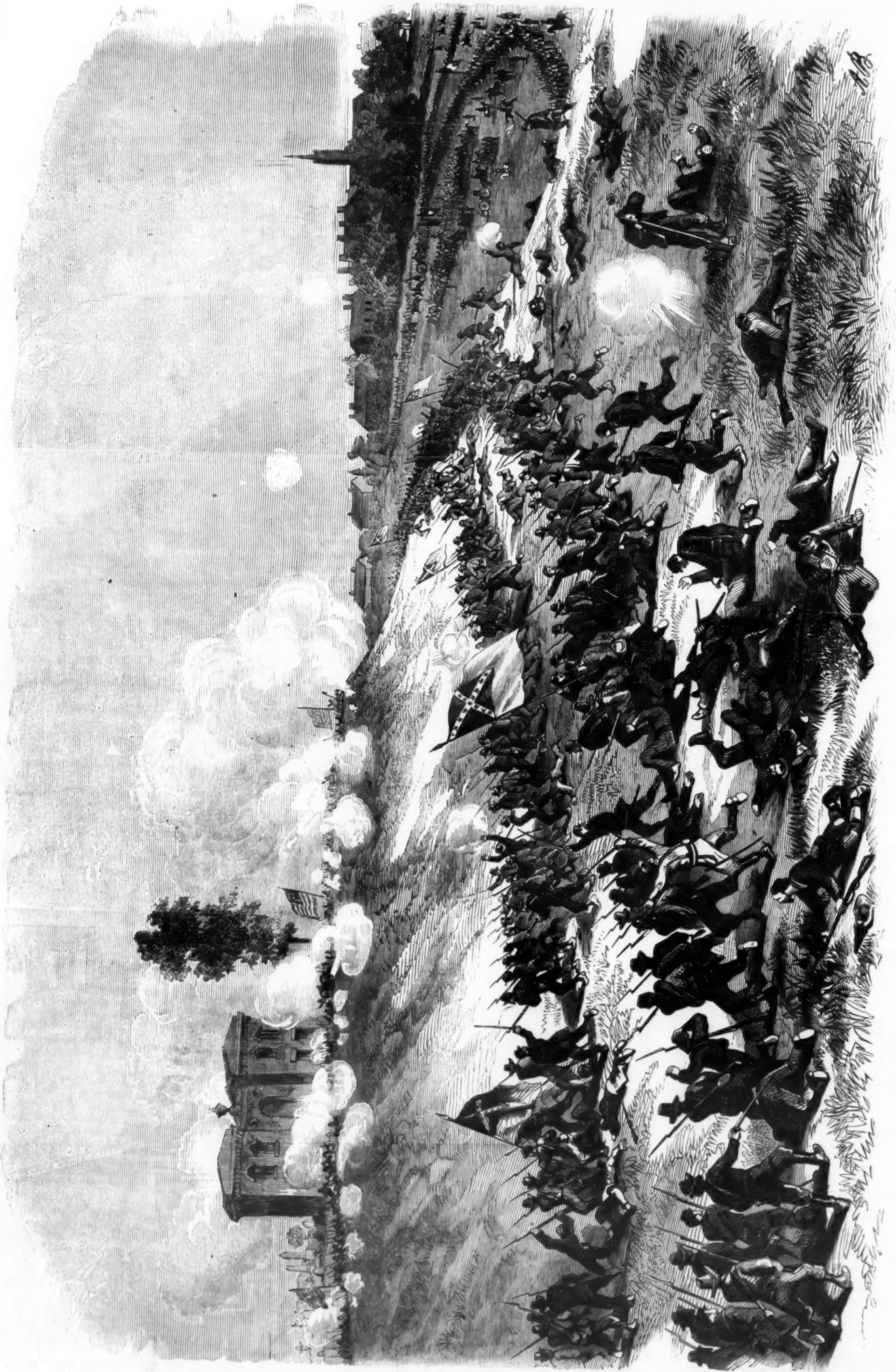


BURNING OF THE 22<sup>ND</sup> AV. ARMORY



ANDREWS OF VIRGINIA HARANGUING THE MOB.

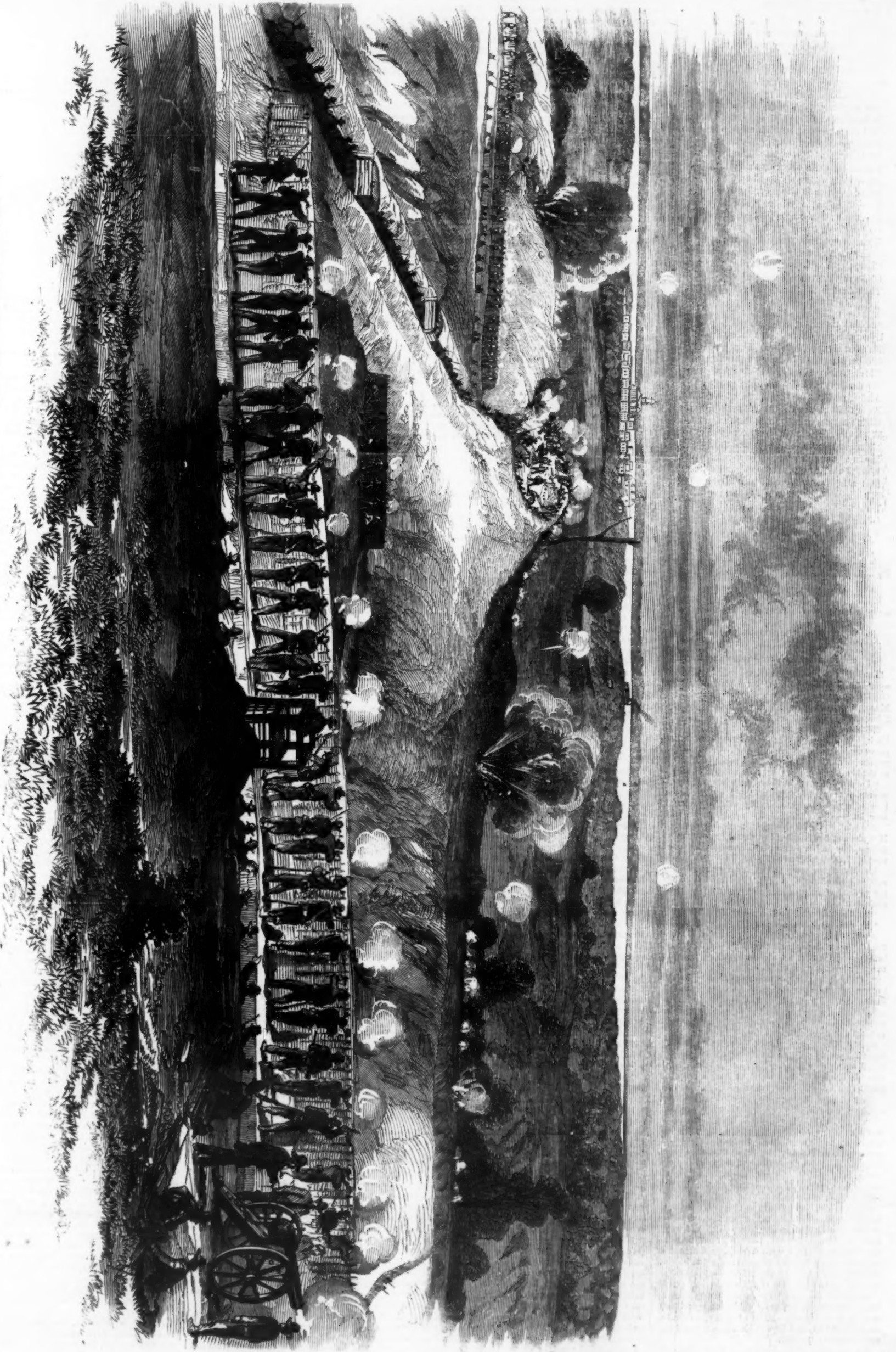




INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA—BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG CHARGE OF THE REBELS ON CEMETERY HILL, THURSDAY NIGHT, JULY 3—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORDE.



EDGE OF VICKSBURG—THE FIGHT IN THE CHATEAU OF FORT HILL AFTER THE EXPLOSION, JUNE 27.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHILL.





## SUN AND SHADE; OR, MAN IN TWO MOODS.

I.

A SAD man on a summer's morn,  
Just as the purple day was born,  
And when on meadow, stream and wood  
The sunlight poured its golden flood,  
Stood gazing on a scene as bright  
As ever blest a mortal's sight;  
And sighing, said, "Oh! clouds that float  
In heaven and drink the skylark's note;  
Oh! streams that sparkle with your glee,  
Flowing to meet your god—the sea;  
Ye steadfast hills, upon whose breast  
The azure skies securely rest;  
Ye woods, whose waving boughs are bright  
With dancing in the morning light;  
Ye solemn paths whose cloister'd glooms  
The sunbeams' magic smile illumines;  
Oh! sighing reeds, which, crisp and clear,  
Breathe music to the jaded ear;  
Great panting sea, whose mighty arms  
Clasp earth with all her varied charms—  
Oh! why is man the only one  
Thus dark beneath this blaze of sun?"

II.

Another morn in joyous mood  
Upon the self-same spot he stood;  
But not a ray of sun was there;  
Gloom hung like horror on the air;  
Thick murky clouds, fast closing, gave  
To earth the shadows of the grave;  
And then his spirit said, "Oh! streams,  
Now dark as are the murderer's dreams;  
Hills that are wrapt in Nature's frown,  
With thunder-clouds as shroud and crown;  
Ye reeds, that rocking to and fro,  
Moan as though steeped in mortal woe;  
Woods that in silence brood and cover  
Beneath the darkness of this hour;  
Within my heart this whisper rings—  
Immortal man's the only one  
Of our Divine Creator's things  
Who can be glad without the sun."

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—KEEPING WATCH.

Two pair of jealous eyes kept constant watch upon Eleanor Monckton for some time after that October afternoon on which the lawyer and Miss Mason had stood side by side, looking at the two figures by the sundial.

Gilbert Monckton was too proud to complain. He laid down the fair hopes of his manhood in the grave that already held the broken dreams of his youth. He bowed his head, and resigned himself to his fate.

"I was mistaken," he thought; "it was too preposterous to suppose that at forty I could win the love of a girl of eighteen. My wife is good and true, but—"

But what? Could this girl be good and true? Had she not deceived her lover most cruelly, most deliberately, in her declaration of utter indifference towards Launcelet Darrell?

Mr. Monckton remembered her very words, her sudden look of astonishment, her almost shuddering gesture of surprise, as he asked the important question:

"And you do not love Launcelet Darrell?"

"Love him! Oh, no, no, no!"

And in spite of this emphatic denial Mrs. Monckton had, ever since her arrival at Tolldale Priory, betrayed an intense, an almost feverish interest in the young scapegrace artist.

"If she is capable of falsehood," thought the lawyer, "there must surely be no truth upon this earth. Shall I trust her, and wait patiently for the solution of the mystery? No; between man and wife there should be no mystery! She has no right to keep any secret from me."

So Mr. Monckton hardened his heart against his beautiful young wife, and set himself sternly and indefatigably to watch her every look, to listen to every intonation of her voice, to keep a rigorous guard over his own honor and dignity.

Poor Eleanor was too innocent to read all these signs aright; she only thought that her husband was changed; that this stern and gloomy companion was not the same Gilbert Monckton whom she had known at Hazlewood; not the patient "guide, philosopher and friend," whose subdued bass voice, eloquent in the dusky evenings, long ago—a year is very long to a girl of eighteen—in Mrs. Darrell's simple drawing-room, had seemed a kind of intellectual music to her.

Had she not been absorbed always by that one thought, whose intensity had reduced the compass of her mind to a monotone, the young wife would have very bitterly felt this change in her husband. As it was, she looked upon her disappointment as something very far from her—something to be considered and regretted by-and-by—by-and-by, when the grand business of life was done.

But while the gulf between the young wife and her husband every day grew wider, this grand business made no progress. Day after day, week after week passed by, and Eleanor Monckton found herself no nearer the end.

She had paid several visits to Hazlewood; she had acted her part to the best of her abilities, which were very mediocre in all matters where de-

ception is necessary; she had watched and questioned Launcelet Darrell; but she had obtained no vestige of proof which she might set before Maurice de Crespiigny when she denounced her niece's son.

No; whatever secrets were hidden in the young man's breast, he was so guarded as to baffle Eleanor Monckton at every point. He was so thoroughly self-possessed as to avoid betraying himself by so much as a look or a tone.

He was, however, thrown a good deal in Eleanor's society; for Mr. Monckton, with a strange persistence, encouraged the penniless artist's attentions to Laura Mason; while Launcelet Darrell, too shallow to hold long to any infatuation, influenced upon one side by his mother, and flattered upon the other by Laura's unconcealed admiration, was content, by-and-by, to lay down his allegiance at this new shrine, and to forgive Mrs. Monckton for her desertion.

"Eleanor and my mother were both right, I dare say," the young man reflected, contemplating his fate with a feeling of despondent languor. "They were wiser than me, I dare say. I ought to marry a rich woman. I could never drag out an existence of poverty. Bachelor poverty is bad enough, but, at least, there's something artistic and Bohemian about that. Chamberlain one day, and vin ordinaire the next; Veuve Cliquot at the Trois Frères or the Café de Paris to-night, and small beer in a garret to-morrow morning. But married poverty, squalid desolation, instead of reckless gaiety; a sick wife and lean hungry children, and the husband carrying wet canvases to the pawnbroker! Bah! Eleanor was right; she has done a good thing for herself; and I'd better go in and win the heiress, and make myself secure against any caprice of my worthy great-uncle."

It was thus that Launcelet Darrell became a frequent visitor at Tolldale Priory, and as, at about this time, Mr. Monckton's business became so unimportant as to be easily flung entirely into the hands of the two junior partners, the lawyer was almost always at home to receive his guest.

Nothing could have been more antagonistic than the characters of the two men. There was no possibility of sympathy or assimilation between them. The weakness of one was rendered more evident by the strength of the other. The decided character of the lawyer seemed harsh and rigid when contrasted with the easy-going, languid goodnature of the artist.

Eleanor Monckton, perceiving this wide difference between the two men, admired her husband as much as she despised Launcelet Darrell.

If the lawyer could have known this—if he could have known that when his wife's earnest eyes followed every change of expression in the young man's face, when she listened most intently to his careless and rambling, yet sometimes almost brilliant talk, she read his shallow nature and its worthlessness better than that nature had ever yet been read by the closest observer—if Gilbert Monckton could have understood these things, what wasted agonies, what futile tortures, might have been spared him!

"What would have become of me if I had loved this man?" Eleanor thought, as day by day, with an intellect rendered preternaturally clear by the intensity of her one desire, she grew more familiar with Launcelet Darrell's character.

In the meanwhile Laura Mason walked along a pathway of roses, whose only thorns were those jealous twinges which the young lady experienced on account of Eleanor Monckton.

"He loved her first," the heiress thought, despondingly, "I know he did, and he made her an offer upon the day the dressmaker brought home my blue silk, and it was so short-waisted I was obliged to make her take it back for alteration. And that was why she—I mean Eleanor, not the dressmaker—left Hazlewood. And it's not pleasant to think that the man one idolises has idolised somebody else not three months before he proposes to one; and I don't think it was right of Eleanor to lead him on."

It was by this latter very vague phrase that Miss Mason was in the habit of excusing her lover's delinquency. Eleanor had led him on; and he was thereby in a manner justified for that brief infatuation which had beguiled him from poor Laura. In what this "leading on" had consisted the young lady did not seek to understand. She wanted to forgive her lover, and she wanted reasons for her forgiveness; as weak women do when they deliver themselves up to the bondage of a sentimental affection for a handsome face. But although Launcelet Darrell had made his peace with Mr. Monckton's ward, wooing her with a great many tender words and pretty stereotyped phrases under the gloomy shadow of the yew trees in the old-fashioned Priory garden, and although he had formally demanded her hand, and had been accepted by her guardian and herself, Laura was not yet quite satisfied. Some lingering sentiment of distrust still held its place in her breast, and the jealous twinges, which, as I have said, constituted the thorns upon her rose-bedecked pathway, were very sharp and numerous.

Nor was Mr. Monckton wholly free from anxiety on his ward's account. He had consented to her engagement with Launcelet Darrell. He had done even more; he had encouraged the young man's suit, and now that it was too late to undo his work, he began to argue with himself as to the wisdom of his conduct.

He tried to palter with his conscience; but he could not disguise from himself that the leading motive which had induced him to consent to his ward's engagement was his desire to remove Launcelet Darrell out of the society of his wife. He could not be so blind to his own weakness as to be unaware of the secret pleasure he felt in being able to demonstrate to Eleanor the worthlessness of an affection which could be so easily transferred from one object to another.

Apart from this, Gilbert Monckton tried to

believe that he had taken the best course within his power of choice, for the frivolous girl whom it was his duty to protect. To have opposed Laura's attachment would have been to cause her great unhappiness. The young man was clever and agreeable. He was the descendant of a race which was almost noble by right of its origin. His character would grow stronger with time, and it would be the guardian's duty to foster all that was good in the nature of his ward's husband; and to put him in a fair way of occupying an honorable position.

"I will try and develop his talent—his genius, perhaps," Gilbert Monckton thought; "he shall go to Italy and study the old masters."

So it was settled that the marriage should take place early in the spring, and that Launcelet and his wife should start immediately afterwards upon a tour through the great art cities of the Continent. It was arranged that they should remain away for at least a twelvemonth, and that they should spend the winter in Rome.

Eleanor Monckton grew deadly pale when her husband announced to her the probable date of the marriage.

"So soon!" she said, in a low, half-stifled voice. "So soon! why December has already begun—the spring will be here directly."

Gilbert Monckton watched her face with a thoughtful frown.

"What is there to wait for?" he said.

Eleanor was silent for a few moments. What could she say? Could she suffer this engagement to continue? Could she allow Launcelet Darrell to hold his place among these people who so ignorantly trusted in him? She would have spoken, perhaps, and confided at least some part of her secret to her husband, but she refrained from doing so; for might not he, too, laugh at her, as Richard Thornton had done? Might not he, who had grown lately cold and reserved in his manner towards her, sometimes even sarcastic and severe—might not he sternly reprobate her mad desire for vengeance, and in some manner or other frustrate the great purpose of her life?

She had trusted Richard Thornton and had implored his help. No good had ever come of that confidence; nothing but remonstrances, reproaches, entreaties, even ridicule. Why, then, should she trust any one else? No, she was resolved henceforward to hold her secret in her own keeping, and to look to herself alone for victory.

"Why should the marriage be delayed?" Mr. Monckton demanded, rather sharply, for the second time, "is there any reason for delay?"

"No," Eleanor faltered, "not if you think Mr. Darrell worthy of Laura's confidence; not if you think him a good man."

"Have you any reason to think otherwise of him?"

Mrs. Monckton evaded a direct answer to this question.

"It was you who first taught me to doubt him," she said.

"Indeed!" answered her husband; "I had quite forgotten that. I wonder, Eleanor, that you should appear so much interested in this young man, since you have so bad an opinion of him."

Mr. Monckton left the room after launching this dart at the breast which he believed was guilty of hiding from him a secret regard for another.

"God help her, poor child!" thought the lawyer; "she married me for my position, and perhaps thought that it would be an easy thing to conquer some slight sentimental predilection for Launcelet Darrell. She tries to do her duty, I believe; and when this young man is safely out of the way she may learn to love me, perhaps."

Such reflections as these were generally followed by a change in the lawyer's manner, and Eleanor's failing spirits revived in the new sunshine of his affection. George Vane's daughter had already learned to love her husband. No difficult task lay before her; there was no sentiment of repulsion or dislike to be overcome. She had respected and admired Gilbert Monckton from the hour of her meeting with him at the Great Western terminus; and she was ready to love him truly and cordially whenever she could succeed in her great purpose, and disengage her mind from its one absorbing idea.

## CHAPTER XXX.—AN OLD MAN'S FANCY.

ALTHOUGH Eleanor Monckton's utmost watchfulness revealed to her nothing that could be twisted into a proof of Launcelet Darrell's identity with the man who had been the indirect cause of her father's death, she made some progress in another quarter, very much to the annoyance of several people, a none whom must be included the young painter.

Maurice de Crespiigny, who for some years past had not been known to take an interest in anything, exhibited a very great interest in Gilbert Monckton's young wife.

The old man had never forgotten the day upon which he had been suddenly carried back to the past by the apparition of a fair-haired girl, who seemed to him the living image of his lost friend. He had never forgotten this; and when, a few days after Eleanor's arrival at Tolldale, he happened to encounter her in one of his airings, he had insisted on stopping to talk with her, much to the aggravation of his two maiden warders.

Eleanor caught eagerly at any chance of becoming familiar with her father's friend. It was to him she looked for her promised vengeance. The law could give her no redress; but Maurice de Crespiigny held in his hand the disposition of that wealth for which his young kinsman hoped, and thus possessed power to punish the cheat and traitor who had robbed a helpless old man.

Even if this motive had not existed, Eleanor's love for her dead father would have been sufficient to inspire her with every tender feeling towards the owner of Woodlands. Her manner, modified by this tenderness, acted almost like a spell upon Maurice de Crespiigny. He insisted upon coming,

in the course of his daily airing, to that part of the grounds where the two estates were only divided by a slender wire fence, and where he might hope to meet Eleanor. By-and-by, he extorted from her the promise to meet him on every fine day at a particular hour, and it was in vain that the maiden sisters endeavored, by every stratagem they could devise, to detain him in-doors at this appointed time. They were fain to pray for perpetual wet weather, for storms and fogs, whirlwinds and other caprices of nature, which might keep the invalid a prisoner to the house.

But at last even rain and tempest ceased to be of any avail to these distressed and expectant spinsters, for Maurice de Crespiigny insisted upon inviting Mr. and Mrs. Monckton to Woodlands. They were to come whenever they could, every day if they could, the old man wrote, with a tremulous hand that was apt to go a little astray over the paper; but which was yet strong enough and firm enough to inscribe a decent signature at the foot of a will.

The two sisters never saw him write without thinking of this document. Was it made, and made in their favor. Was it yet to make? or was it never to be made? and was Launcelet Darrell to succeed to that coveted fortune, as heir-at-law?

Lavinia and Sarah de Crespiigny were agonized by the mere thought of this latter possibility. It was not the money alone that they thought of, the lands and tenements alone that they considered. There was the familiar house in which they had lived so long, the household treasures which their own careful hands had dusted, as things too sacred to be approached by meaner fingers.

There were the old silver salvers, the antique tea and coffee services, the great dragon-china jars on the staircase, the inlaid card-tables in the green parlor—would the ruthless heir-at-law come into possession, and seize even upon those particular household gods which were most sacred to the maiden sisters?

They knew that they had no claim to any great mercy from Launcelet Darrell. Had they not urged his Indian voyage, and for ever offended him by so doing? It would have been better perhaps to have been friendly towards him, and to have suffered him to remain in England, and to be as much at Woodlands as he pleased, thereby affording him ample opportunity for giving offence to his great-uncle.

"Who can count upon an old man's caprices?" thought the maiden sisters; "perhaps because our uncle has seen very little of Launcelet, he may be all the more kindly disposed towards him."

On the other hand there was now the more imminent danger of this sudden fancy with which Eleanor Monckton had inspired the invalid; and the sisters grew paler and more lugubrious every day as they watched the progress of this eccentric friendship.

Gilbert Monckton placed no obstacle in the way of his wife's visits to Woodlands. He knew how sternly the doors of Mr. de Crespiigny's house were guarded against his widowed niece and her son; and he knew that there at least Eleanor was not likely to meet Launcelet Darrell.

Mrs. Monckton was therefore free to visit her dead father's friend when she pleased, and she was not slow to avail herself of this privilege. It was of vital importance to her to be on familiar terms with Maurice de Crespiigny, to be able to enter his house when and how she would. She saw enough in the old man's face, in the fearful uncertainty of his health—which one day suffered him to be bright and cheerful, and on the next laid him prostrate and helpless upon a sick bed—to convince her that his state was terribly precarious. He might linger for years. He might die suddenly. He might die leaving his fortune to fall into the hands of Launcelet Darrell.

The sisters watched, with ever-increasing alarm, the progress that Mrs. Monckton was making in their uncle's favor. The old man seemed to brighten under the influence of Eleanor's society. He had no glimmering idea of the truth: he fully believed that the likeness which the lawyer's young wife bore to George Vane was one of those accidental resemblances so common to the experience of every one. He believed this; and yet in spite of this he felt as if Eleanor's presence brought back something of his lost youth. Even his memory was revived by the companionship of his dead friend's daughter; and he would sit for hours together, talking, as his nieces had not heard him talk in many monotonous years; telling familiar stories of that past in which George Vane had figured so prominently.

To Eleanor these old memories were never wearisome; and Maurice de Crespiigny felt the delight of talking to a listener who was really interested. He was accustomed to the polite attention of his nieces, whose suppressed yawns sometimes broke in unpleasantly at the very climax of a story, and whose wooden-faced stolidity had at best something unpleasantly suggestive of being listened to and stared at by two Dutch clocks. But he was not accustomed to see a beautiful and earnest face turned towards him as he spoke; a pair of bright gray eyes lighting up with new radiance at every crisis in the narrative, and lovely lips half parted through intensity of interest.

These things the old man was not accustomed to, and he became entirely Eleanor's slave and adorer. Indeed, the elderly damsel congratulated herself upon Miss Vincent's marriage with Gilbert Monckton; otherwise, Maurice de Crespiigny being besotted and infatuated, and the young woman mercenary, there might have been a new mistress brought home to Woodlands instead of to Tolldale Priory.

Happily for Eleanor, the anxious minds of the maiden sisters were set in some degree at rest by a few words which Maurice de Crespiigny let drop in a conversation with Mrs. Monckton. Amongst the treasures possessed by the old man—the relics of a



past life, whose chief value lay in association—there was one object that was peculiarly precious to Eleanor. This was a miniature portrait of George Vane, in the cap and gown which he had worn sixty years before, at Magdalen College, Oxford.

This picture was very dear to Eleanor Monckton. It was no very wonderful work of art, perhaps, but a laborious and patient performance, whose production had cost more time and money than the photographic representations of half the members of the Lower House would cost to-day. It showed Eleanor a fair-haired stripling with bright hopeful blue eyes. It was the shadow of her dead father's youth.

Her eyes filled with tears as she looked at the little ivory portrait in its oval case of slippery red morocco.

"Crocodile!" thought one of the maiden sisters. "Sycophant!" muttered the other.

But this very miniature gave rise to that speech which had so much effect in calming the terrors of the two ladies.

"Yes, my dear," Maurice de Crespiigny said, "that portrait was painted sixty years ago. George Vane would have been close upon eighty if he had lived. Yes, close upon eighty, my love. You don't see your own likeness to that picture, perhaps; people seldom do see resemblances of that kind. But the lad's face is like yours, my dear, and you bring back the memory of my youth, just as the scent of some old-fashioned flower that our advanced horticulture has banished to a cottager's garden, brings back the grassplot upon which I played at my mother's knees. Do you know what I mean to do, Mrs. Monckton?"

Eleanor lifted her eyebrows with an arch smile, as who should say:

"Your caprices are quite beyond my power of divination."

"I mean to leave that miniature to you in my will, my dear."

The maiden sisters started simultaneously, agitated by the same emotion, and their eyes met.

The old man had made a will, or meant to make a will, then. That admission, at least, was something. They had suffered so much from the apprehension that their uncle would die without a will, and that Launcelot Darrell would inherit the estate.

"Yes, my dear," Maurice de Crespiigny repeated, "I shall leave that miniature to you when I die. It's not worth anything intrinsically; but I don't want you to be reminded of me, when I'm dead and gone, except through your own tender feelings. You've been interested in my stories of George Vane—who, with all his faults, and I'm not slow to acknowledge them, was a brighter and a better man than me—and it may please you sometimes to look at that picture. You've brought a ray of sunlight across a very dismal pathway, my love," added the invalid, quite indifferent to the fact that this remark was by no means complimentary to his devoted nurses and guardians, "and I am very grateful to you. If you were poor, I should leave you money. But you are the wife of a rich man; and beyond that, my fortune is already disposed of. I am not free to leave it as I might wish; I have a duty to perform, my dear—a duty which I consider sacred and imperative—and I shall fulfil that duty."

The old man had never before spoken so freely of his intentions with regard to his money. The sisters sat staring blankly at each other, with quickened breaths and pale faces.

What could this speech mean? Why clearly that the money must be left to them. What other duty could Maurice de Crespiigny owe to any one? Had they not kept guard over him for years, shutting him in, and separating him from every living creature? What right had he to be grateful to any one but them, inasmuch as they had taken good care that no one else should ever do him a service?

But to the ears of Eleanor Monckton, the old man's speech had another significance; the blood mounted to her face, and her heart beat violently. "He is thinking of Launcelot Darrell," she thought; "he will leave his fortune to Launcelot Darrell. He will die before he learns the secret of my father's wrongs. His will is already made, no doubt, and he will die before I can dare to say to him, 'Your niece's son is a trickster and a villain!'"

This was the only occasion upon which Maurice de Crespiigny ever spoke of his intention with regard to the fortune that he must leave behind him. He said, plainly enough, that Eleanor was to have none of his money; and the sisters, who had until now kept a jealous watch upon the old man and his favorite, were henceforward content to let Mrs. Monckton come and go as she pleased. But for all this Eleanor was no nearer the accomplishment of her great purpose.

Launcelot Darrell came to Tolldale, and in a certain easy and somewhat indifferent manner paid his homage to his affianced wife. Laura was happy by fits and starts; and by fits and starts utterly miserable, when the horrible pangs of jealousy—jealousy of Eleanor, and jealous doubts of her lover's truth—tortured her breast. Gilbert Monckton sat day after day in the library or drawing-room, or Eleanor's morning-room, as the case might be, keeping watch over his wife and the lovers.

But though the days and weeks went by with an unnatural rapidity, as it seemed to Mrs. Monckton, with a wearisome slowness in the opinion of her husband—the progress of time brought George Vane's daughter no further onward, by so much as one step, upon the pathway which she had chosen for herself.

Christmas came; and the girl whose youth had been spent in the shabby lodgings in which her father had hidden the poverty of his decline, the patient young housekeeper who had been used to eke out ounces of tea, and to entreat for brief respite and grace from aggrieved chandlers, was

called upon to play my Lady Bountiful at Tolldale Priory, and to dole out beef and bread, blankets and brandy, coats and flannels to a host of hungry and shivering claimants.

Christmas passed, and the new year struggled into life under every disadvantage of bad weather; while the spring, the dreaded early spring, which was to witness Laura's marriage, approached with a stealthy footfall, creeping day by day nearer and nearer.

Eleanor, in very despair, appealed to Richard Thornton.

She appealed to him from the force of habit, perhaps; as a fretful child complains to its mother, rather than from any hope that he could aid her in her great scheme.

"Oh, Richard," she wrote, despairingly, "help me, help me, help me! I thought all would be so easy if I could once come to this place. But I am here, and I see Launcelot Darrell every day, and yet I am no nearer the end. What am I to do? January is nearly over; and in March, Laura Mason is to marry that man. Mr. de Crespiigny is very ill, and may die at any moment, leaving his money to his niece's son. Is this man, who caused my father's death, to have all the brightest and best things this world can give? Is he to have a noble fortune and an amiable wife? and am I to stand by and permit him to be happy; remembering what happened upon that dreadful night in Paris—remembering that my father lies in his unconsecrated grave, and that his blood is upon this man's head? Help me, Richard. Come to me; help me to find proof positive of Launcelot Darrell's guilt. You can help me, if you please. Your brain is clearer, your perception quicker, than mine. I am carried away by my own passion—blinded by my indignation. You were right when you said I should never succeed in this work. I look to you to avenge my father's death!"

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—A POWERFUL ALLY.

RICHARD THORNTON was not slow to respond to Eleanor's summons. The same post which carried Mrs. Monckton's letter to the young man conveyed another letter, addressed to the signora, urging her to abandon her pupils, for a time at least, and to come at once to Tolldale.

Eleanor had not forgotten the faithful friends who had succored her in the day of her desolation, but the signora's habits of dependence were not to be conquered, and Mrs. Monckton found there was very little that Eliza Picirillo would consent to accept from her.

She had insisted upon removing the music-mistress from the eccentric regions of the Pilasters to a comfortable first floor in Dudley street. She had furnished this new shelter with easy chairs, and Brussels carpets, an Erard's piano, and proof impressions of the signora's favorite pictures; and in doing this she had very nearly exhausted her first year's income, much to the satisfaction of Gilbert Monckton, who implored her to call upon him freely for any money she might want for her friends.

It pleased him to see her do these things. It was a delight to him to see her thus tenderly grateful to the friends of her adversity.

"A mercenary woman would have cast off these humble associations," he thought; "this girl must be the noble creature I believed her to be, when I flung down my happiness for the second time to a woman's feet."

But although Eleanor would have gladly lavished every shilling she possessed upon Eliza Picirillo and her nephew, she could not persuade either the music-mistress or the scene-painter to work less hard than it had been their wont to do for many wearisome years. The signora still went from house to house in attendance upon her out-of-door pupils, and still received young ladies bent on wearing the laurel crown of the lyric drama. Richard still painted snow-clad mountain tops, and impossible Alpine passes, impracticably prosperous villages, and wide-spreading farm-lands of yellow corn, bounded by rustic white palings, and inhabited by husbandmen in linen gaiters and chintz waistcoats. It was in vain, therefore, that Mrs. Monckton had hitherto implored her friends to come to Tolldale, and it was only in consequence of a very serious misunderstanding with Messrs. Spavin & Cromshaw, which, for a time, threw the scene-painter out of employment; that Richard Thornton was able to respond to Eleanor's earnest appeal.

A January that had been bleaker and colder than even January is expected to be, was drawing to a close, when Signora Picirillo and her nephew arrived at the Priory. The woods round Tolldale were shrouded with snow; the broad lawns before Woodlands were as white as Richard's Alpine passes, and Maurice de Crespiigny had been for many weeks a prisoner to the house. Laura's wedding day was appointed for the 15th of March, and that young lady was, when unoccupied by her lover's society, entirely absorbed in the millinery and mantua-making necessary for the preparation of her bridal outfit.

Richard Thornton had considerably modified the eccentric fashion of his beard, and had bought a new suit of clothes in honor of his fair young hostess. The scene-painter had not seen Eleanor since the morning on which he had fled away from the Pilasters to hide his sorrows amongst the swamps of Battersea. The meeting, therefore, was a painful one to him; all the more painful, perhaps, because Mrs. Monckton received him with the frankly affectionate welcome which she would have bestowed upon a brother.

"You must help me Dick," she said, "for the sake of others, if not for my sake; you cannot now refuse to father this mystery. If Launcelot Darrell is the man I believe him to be, he is no fit husband for an affectionate and trusting girl. He has no right to inherit Maurice de Crespiigny's fortune! The marriage between Laura and this man is to take place upon the 15th of March. Maurice de

Crespiigny may die to-morrow. We have very little time before us, Richard."

So Mr. Thornton was fain to obey the imperious young lady, who had been in the habit of ordering him about ever since those old days in which he had kept rabbits and silkworms for her gratification. He set himself to his task very faithfully, and did his best to become acquainted with Launcelot Darrell's character.

The well-born young artist, who meant to do something very great in the Academy, at his earliest convenience, treated the scene-painter with a supercilious goodnature that was by no means agreeable to Mr. Thornton.

Dick had resolved not to be prejudiced against Eleanor's fancied enemy, lest that young lady's vehement impulses should have led her into rather an awkward mistake; but there was something in the insolent assurance of Launcelot Darrell that aroused Richard's indignation, and it was not without an effort that he contrived to be commonly civil to poor Laura's affianced husband.

Launcelot dined at Tolldale upon the evening of the arrival of Eleanor's guests, and it was at the dinner-table that Richard first had an opportunity of observing the man he had been entreated to watch. Mr. Monckton, sitting at the bottom of the table, and looking at his wife athwart a glittering array of glass and silver, became aware of a change in Eleanor's manner. A change that mystified and bewildered him, but which was not altogether unpleasant to him.

The lawyer's jealousy had been chiefly aroused by the perpetual uneasiness of Eleanor's manner when Launcelot Darrell was present; by the furtive yet unguarded watch which she kept upon the young man's movements. To-night, for the first time, her manner had changed. It was no longer Launcelot Darrell, but Richard Thornton whom she watched.

Following every varying expression of her face, Gilbert Monckton saw that she looked at the scene-painter with an earnest, questioning, appealing glance, that seemed to demand something of him, or urge him on to the performance of something that she wanted done. Looking from his wife to Richard, the lawyer saw that Launcelot Darrell was still watched, but this time the eyes that observed him were those of the signora's nephew.

Mr. Monckton felt very much like a spectator, who looks on at a drama which is being acted in a language that is unknown to him. The *dramatis personæ* came in, they are earnest or vehement, joyous or sorrowful, as the case may be, but not having any clue to the plot, the wretched looker-on can scarcely feel intense delight in the performance.

Eleanor contrived to question her ally in the course of the evening.

"Well, Richard," she said, "is Launcelot Darrell the man who cheated my father?"

"I don't know about that, Mrs. Monckton, but—"

"But you think—"

"I think he is by no means the most delightful or the best of men. He snubs me because I paint scenery for the Phoenix; and he accepts that silly little girl's homage with the air of a sultan."

"Then you don't like him, Dick!"

Mr. Thornton drew a long breath, as if by some powerful effort of his will he repressed a vehement and unseemly expression of feeling.

"I think he's—you know what a great tragedian used to call people when they rang down the act-drop three minutes before Lear had finished using bad language to his eldest daughter, or came up in the witches' cauldron with their backs to the audience, and nervous people have been known to do that, Eleanor: it isn't pleasant to stand on a rickety ladder and talk to a quick-tempered tragedian out of a canvas saucupan, with the smell of burning rosin in your nostrils, and another nervous apparition wanting to get you off the ladder before you've finished your speech—I think Launcelot Darrell is—a beast, Mrs. Monckton; and I have no doubt he would cheat at cards, if he had the chance of doing it with perfect safety and convenience."

"You think that?" cried Eleanor, seizing upon this latter part of Richard's speech; "you think that he would cheat a helpless old man. Prove that, Richard—prove it, and I will be as merciless to Launcelot Darrell as he was to my father—his uncle's friend, too; he knew that."

"Eleanor Monckton," Richard said, earnestly, "I have never been serious before upon this matter. I have hoped that you would outlive your girlish resolution; I hoped, above all, that when you married," his voice trembled a little here, but he went bravely on, "new duties would make you forget that old promise; and I did my best, Heaven knows, to wean you from the infatuation. But now that I have seen this man Launcelot Darrell, it seems to me as if there may have been something of inspiration in your sudden recognition of him. I have already seen enough of him to know at least that he is no fit husband for that poor little romantic girl with the primrose-colored ringlets; and I will do my best to find out where he was, and what he was doing, during those years in which he is supposed to have been in India."

"You will do this, Richard?"

"Yes, Mrs. Monckton"—the young man addressed his old companion by this name, using the unfamiliar appellation as a species of rod by which he kept in order and subdued certain rebellious emotions that would arise as he remembered how utterly the beautiful girl, whose presence had made sunshine in the shabbiest if not the shadiest of places, was now lost to him—"yes, Mrs. Monckton, I will try and fathom the mystery. This Launcelot Darrell must be very clever if he can have contrived to do away with every vestige of the years in which he was or was not in India. However softly Time may tread, he leaves his footmarks behind him, and it will be strange if we can't find some telltale impression whereby Mr.

Darrell's secret may be discovered. By-the-by, Mrs. Monckton, you have had a good deal of time for observation. What have you done towards investigating the young man's antecedents?"

Eleanor blushed, and hesitated a little before she answered this very direct question.

"I have watched him very closely," she said, "and I've listened to every word he has ever said—"

"To be sure. In the expectation, no doubt, that he would betray himself by frowns and scowls, and other facial contortions, after the manner of a stage villain; or that he would say, 'At such a time I was in Paris; or, 'At such a time I cheated at cards.' You go cleverly to work, Mrs. Monckton, for an amateur detective!"

"What ought I to have done, then?" Eleanor asked, despondently.

"You should have endeavored to trace up the history of the past by those evidences which the progress of life can scarcely fail to leave behind it. Watch the man's habits and associations, rather than the man himself. Have you had access to the rooms in which he lives?"

"Yes; I have been with Laura to Hazlewood often since I came here. I have been in Launcelot Darrell's rooms."

"And have you seen nothing there? no book, no letter, no scrap of evidence that might make one link in the story of this man's life?"

"Nothing—nothing particular. He has some French novels on a shelf in one corner of his sitting-room."

"Yes; but the possession of a few French novels scarcely proves that he was in Paris in the year '63. Did you look at the titles of the books?"

"No. What could I have gained by seeing them?"

"Something, perhaps. The French are a volatile people. The fashion of one year is not the fashion of another. If you had found some work that made a *furor* in that particular year, you might have argued that Launcelot Darrell was a *fâneur* in the Galerie d'Orléans or on the Boulevard where the book was newly exhibited in the shop-windows. If the novels were new ones, and not Michel Levey's eternal reprints of Sand and Soulié, Balzac and Bernard, you might have learnt something from them. The science of detection, Mrs. Monckton, lies in the observation of insignificant things. It is a species of mental geology. A geologist looks into a gravel pit, and tells you the history of the creation; a clever detective looks over a man's carpet-bag, and convicts that man of a murder or forgery."

"I know I have been very stupid," Eleanor murmured, almost piteously.

"Heaven forbid that you should ever be very clever in such a line as this. There must be detective officers; they are the polished bloodhounds of our civilized age, and very noble and estimable animals when they do their duty conscientiously; but fair-haired young ladies should be kept out of this *galère*. Think no more of this business, then, Eleanor. If Launcelot Darrell was the man who played cards with your father on the 11th of August, '63, I'll find a proof of his guilt. Trust me to do that."

"I will trust you, Richard."

Mrs. Monckton held out her hand with a certain queenliness of gesture, as if she would thereby have ratified a bond between herself and her old friend; and as the flower of bygone chivalry were wont to row the accomplishment of great deeds on the jewelled hilt of a cross-handled sword, so Richard Thornton, bending his honest head, swore allegiance upon the hand of Gilbert Monckton's young wife.

"One word more, Mrs. Monckton," said the scene-painter, "and then we had better leave off talking, or people will begin to wonder why we are so confidential and mysterious. This Mr. Darrell is an artist, I understand. Does he paint much?"

"Oh yes, a great deal; that is to say, he begins a great many things."

"Precisely; he does a good many rough sketches, scraps of pencil and crayon, eh?"

"Yes."

"And he fills portfolios with such scraps, and litters his studio with them?"

"Yes."

"Then I must have a look at his studio, Mrs. Monckton. An artist—yes, even the poorest artist, the farthest away from the sublimity of genius, is sure to be fond of his art. He makes a confidant of it; he betrays a hundred secrets that he keeps locked from every living creature, in the freedom of his studio. His pencil is the outer expression of his mind, and whatever falsehoods he may impose upon his fellow-men, his sketchbook will tell the truth. It will betray him when he is false, and reveal him when he is true. I must have a look at Launcelot Darrell's studio, Mrs. Monckton. Let me see the man's pictures, and I may be able to tell you more about the man himself."

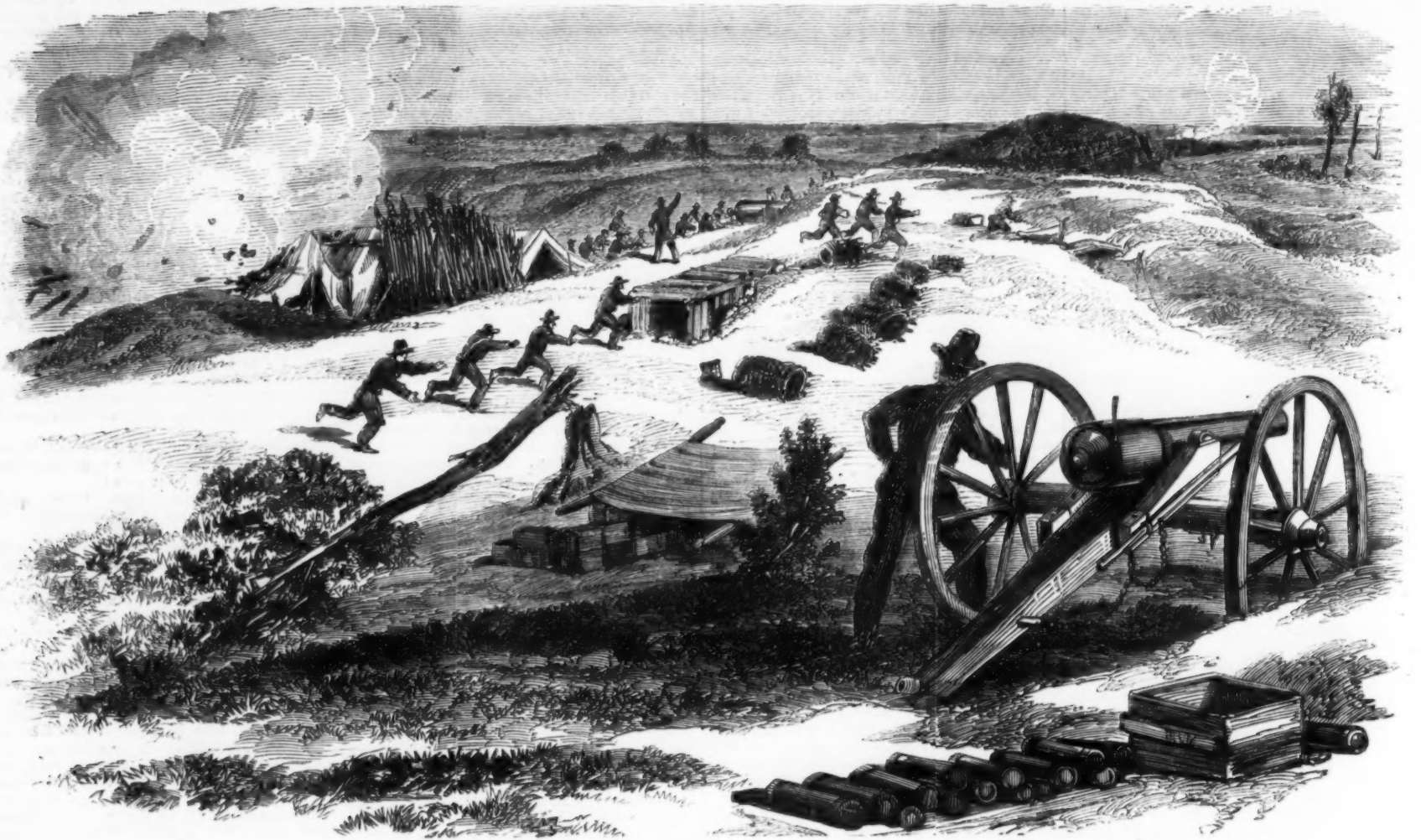
(To be continued.)

#### THE MANSION HOUSE, LONG BRANCH.

IN our next we shall give a view of this by far the most superior watering-place within easy distance of New York. Many of our readers may know it already; but in the hands of the capable, energetic and most worthy Mr. Laird, the present proprietor, great improvements have been introduced. On Sunday, the 12th, over 600 persons sat down to dinner in the dining-room, which has no equal even in the palatial hotels of New York city; and, as may be inferred, the house is filled, and that with the very choicest of our best society.

Time was when a trip to Long Branch almost induced a man to make his will, but now the boat from the foot of Murray street and the railroad land passengers at the hotel in two hours and a half; and, as trains run three times each way daily, Long Branch has become much more desirable than ever. Elegant mansions are springing up at and near it, among which we may notice that of John Hoyt, Esq., of Adams's Express Company, which, with its model stable and lodge, and over 50 acres of dense woods in the background, renders the place most charming for a residence, the view in front being of unsurpassed beauty.

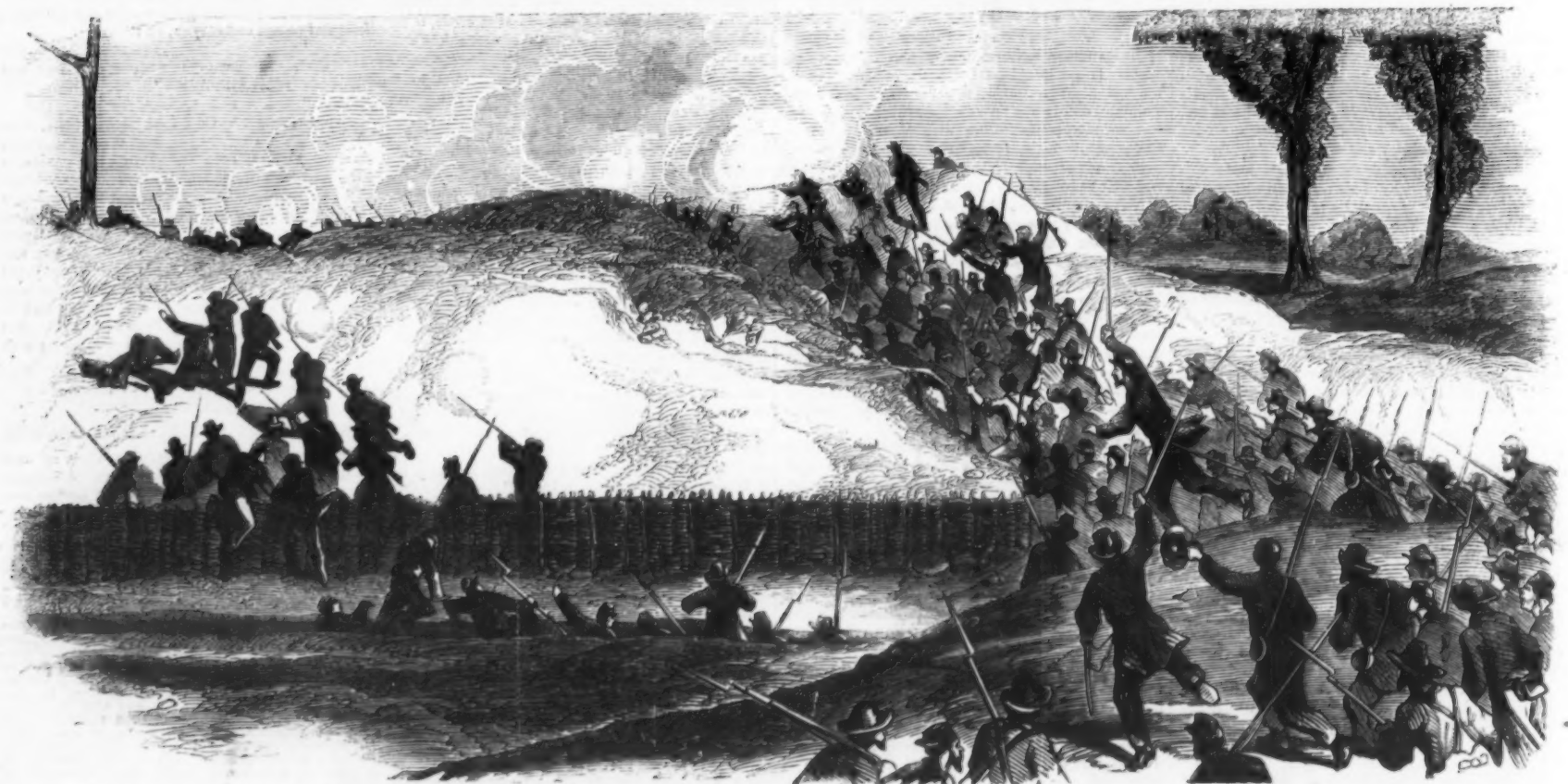




SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—SCENE AT GENERAL LOGAN'S HEADQUARTERS, JUNE 22—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHULL.

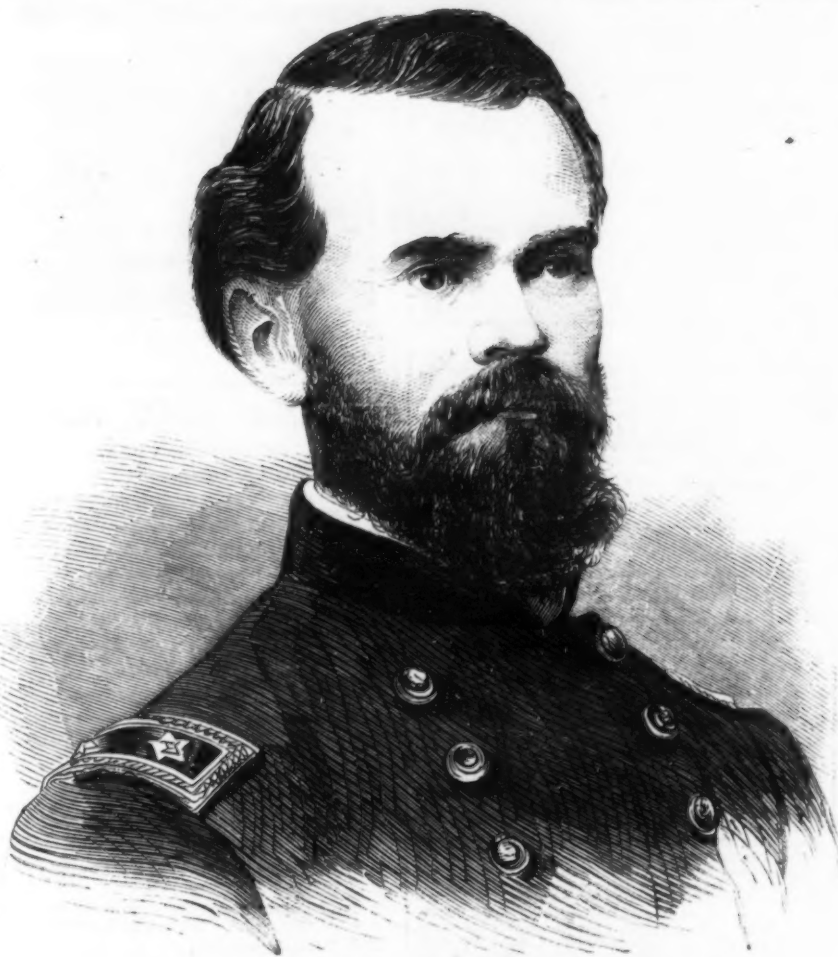


SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—CANNON DISMOUNTED INSIDE THE REBEL WORKS. SKETCHED WITH A GLASS FROM THE REBELS, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHULL.



SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—THE 23D INDIANA AND 45TH ILLINOIS, LOGAN'S BRIGADE, LOGAN'S DIVISION, M. J. JARVIS'S CORPS, STORMING FORT HILL, AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE, JUNE 26, FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHULL.





MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. M'PHERSON, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PELOW &amp; BALCH



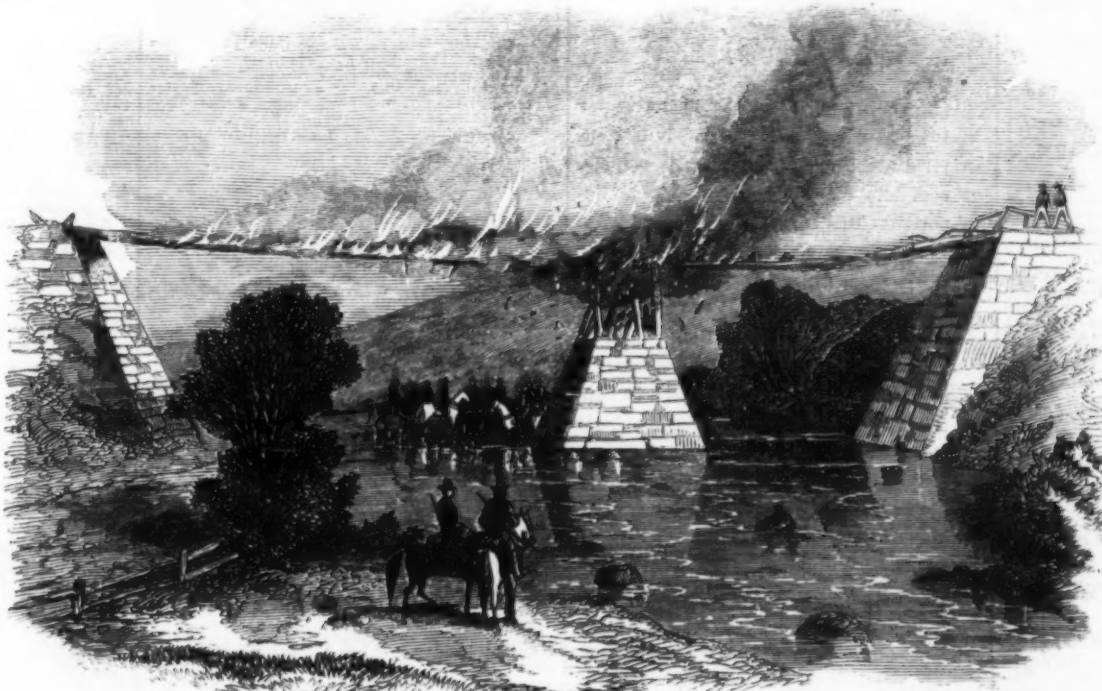
ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. E. CROSS, KILLED AT GETTYSBURG.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CADE

#### MAJOR-GEN. JAMES B. M'PHERSON, U. S. A.

THE able engineer who so successfully conducted the operations which finally resulted in the surrender of Vicksburg will hereafter be too prominent not to make all desire to know him better. It is, therefore, with no little pleasure that we present a likeness attested as correct.

James B. M'Pherson was born in Sandusky county, Ohio, Nov. 14, 1828, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point in June, 1849. On graduating in 1853 he was assigned to the Engineers, and made Assistant Instructor of Practical Military Engineering at the Military Academy, and discharged the duties of the post with ability till September, 1855. He was then employed for two years on the defenses in New York harbor, and at Fort Delaware and Alcatraz Island in the harbor of San Francisco.

When the present war began Lieut. M'Pherson was made Captain, August 6, 1861, appointed Aid to Gen. Halleck, and subsequently assigned to Gen. Grant as Chief Engineer of the army. He was actively employed in the siege of Fort Donelson, at Shiloh, Iuka and in the siege of Corinth, after which he commanded a division in pursuit of the enemy. He was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, May 15, 1862; Superintendent of Military Railroads, June, 1862; and Major-General, October 8, 1862. On the 11th of January in the recent year he was appointed



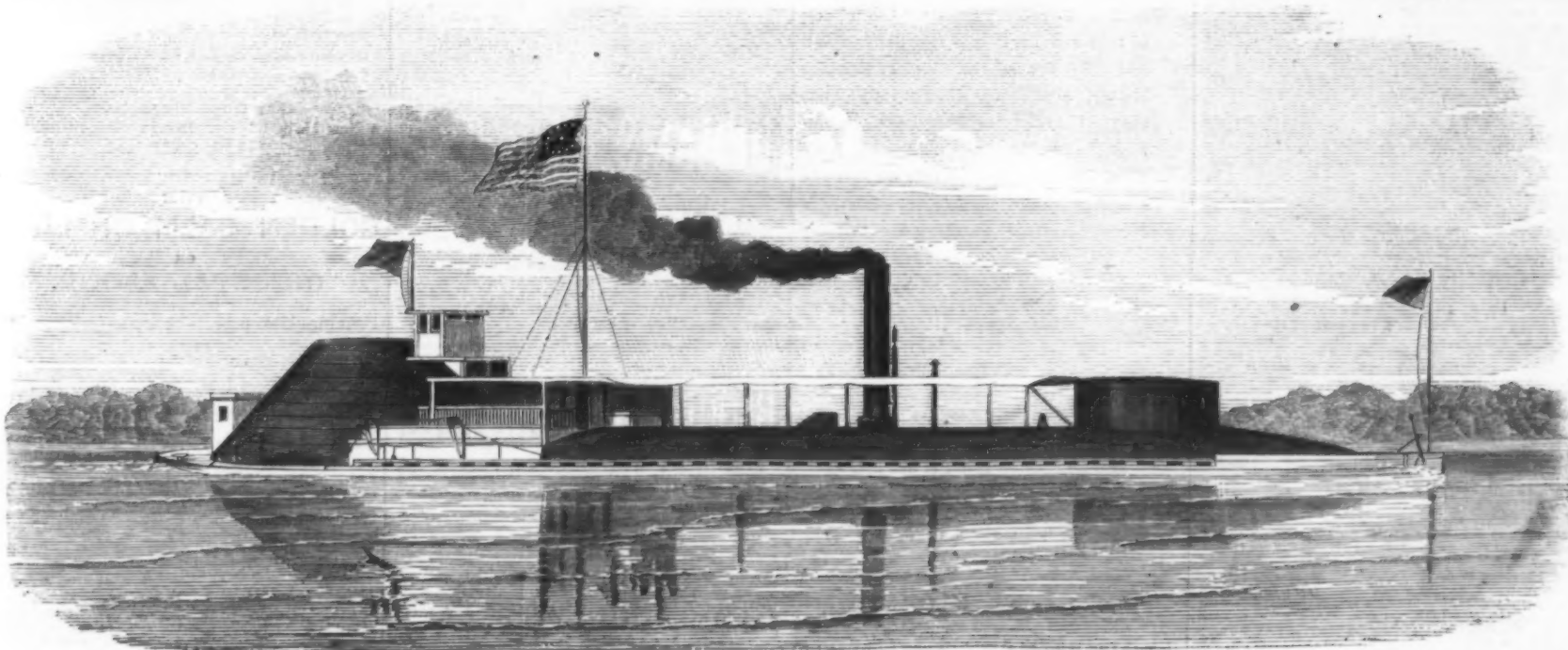
DESTRUCTION OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE AT SCOTLAND, PENN., BY THE REBELS, JUNE 28.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GEORGE LAW.

to the command of the 17th Army Corps, and in the operations which have at last placed in our hands the rebel stronghold of the Mississippi Valley, the great engineering ability which he possesses was displayed in rapid and well judged plans. The siege works which our present number shows so fully will give an idea of the engineer service.

#### OUR IRON NAVY.

SINCE the famous action in Hampton Roads iron-clads of every shape and form have been attempted, but up to the present time the Monitor of Ericsson seems best endowed with all the requisite attributes—imperviousness to shot and shell, facility of manœuvre, and safety to the crew. The Merrimac pattern adopted by the rebels, and so generally used by them, seemed to be highly successful, but the action between the Weehawken and Atlanta left no doubt as to its unsuitability. On our side, the Keokuk, based partly on the Monitor plan, failed to meet the public wishes, and the curved top has been found less safe. The Osage combines many features of different models, and much confidence is felt in her power either against water or bluff batteries, for which a river steamer must be prepared, or for any floating antagonist.

"I LOVE thee still," as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife. *—DAN.*



OUR IRON NAVY—THE MONITOR OSAGE, RECENTLY BUILT AT ST. LOUIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. D. SCHILL.



## THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

## Mining of the Enemy's Works.

The siege of Vicksburg has been brought to a triumphant close, and the banner of freedom floats at last over that city, so long an object of interest to every American.

The importance of the position led the Confederate authorities at a very early day to occupy and strengthen it. But while they held the Mississippi, from Columbus to the Gulf, its importance was less vital, and other points demanded greater interest. When, however, the Fall of Fort Donelson compelled the evacuation of Columbus; when Island No. 10 fell; when the sharp and desperate naval action off Memphis swept from existence, like a dream, the rebel naval power on the Great River, Memphis, too, was abandoned, and the vessels that passed the forts below New Orleans, and those which had conquered at Memphis, met before Vicksburg. Then began the long and deadly struggle that will make the siege of that city famous in history. On the 12th of May, 1862, Flag Officer Farragut demanded the surrender of the city, but received only an answer full of haughty defiance. On the 23d of the next month the two fleets joined in a bombardment which, continued at intervals, was finally abandoned on the 24th July, leaving the Confederates the exultant lords of the city.

In December, Gen. Sherman landed an army on the banks of the Yazoo, and on the 27th and 28th drove the enemy from their first and second lines, but on the 29th was overpowered and driven back. He was superseded and the army withdrawn. Again the hopes of the Union sank; but on the 22d of January Gen. McClernand prepared for a regular siege.

With February came the master mind. Gen. Grant arrived on the 4th, resolved, as he declared, to take Vicksburg or lay his bones there. Slowly he prepared for the operations which were to be crowned with success. With March came Admiral Farragut, and a bombardment began. Then Gen. Grant, who had by a series of movements bewildered the enemy, suddenly moved his army across the Mississippi, and passing below Vicksburg again crossed at Bruinsburg on April 30.

The next day he defeated Gen. Bowen at Port Gibson, and pushing on towards Vicksburg again defeated the enemy at Raymond on the 12th, and when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston attempted to prevent his progress, Grant defeated him on the 14th, capturing Jackson city with all its stores and artillery. Having thus driven off Johnston, he, on the 16th, defeated Pemberton, who had come out of Vicksburg in force, but was at last driven back with a loss of 5,000 men and 29 pieces of artillery. The rebel General made one more trial at Big Black River bridge on the 17th, but was again defeated, losing 2,600 men and 17 cannon. On the 18th Vicksburg was completely invested, and Haines and Chickasaw Bluffs captured. The next day Gen. Steele carried the rifle pits, and Grant's right and left rested on the river. Flushed with success, Grant endeavored, on the 22d, to carry the enemy's works by assault, but after heavy and fruitless loss abandoned the attempt. The slow work of a siege began. Johnston still threatened him on the rear, and Grant had to be prepared to meet the attack on either side.

Our Artist in the very trenches has made many graphic sketches of this now historic siege, and they present an entirely new feature to our readers.

## Life in the Trenches—Entrance to the Mine.

The large page cut on page 280 shows the life led by the besieging troops. The deep ravine is studded with the rude huts or quarters burrowed in the earth. Here, at the White House, well riddled with rebel shell, were bivouacked Leggett's brigade of McPherson's 17th Army Corps. To the left of the house an opening in the bank shows the entrance to the covered way by which the rebel works were approached.

## Mining of the Rebel Works.

This operation, hitherto unused in this war, is here shown. This was conducted by Capt. Hickenloper, Chief Engineer of McPherson's staff. The sketch was made in the sap within 15 feet of the rebel Fort Hill, behind which lay the rebel sharpshooters, held at bay by Coonskin and other riflemen, eagerly on the look-out for a rebel head.

Nor were the rebels safe even within their works. Another sketch, made the same day (page 288), shows part of the interior of the rebel works, taken from an enfilading position, then held by McPherson. A Union shell, by disunion, has dismounted one of their guns, and the artillerymen are in flight.

A counterpart to this is the illustration on page 288, where Major Stolbrand's tent is blown to fragments by a rebel shell exploding near the entrance to the covered way.

The rifle pits, with sharpshooters at their deadly work, can be seen on another, with Coonskin's observatory on the right, a look-out erected by Lieut. Foster, whose death-bearing rifle is well-known in rebel ranks, where, from his occasionally using a racoon skin cap, he has gained the nickname we have used.

## The Explosion of the Mine, June 25, 1863.

Our Special Artist, who sends us sketches of the explosion of the mine (page 273), the storming of the crater (page 285), and the fight on it for the possession of the fort, writes:

"Orders were issued at noon for the men to hold themselves in readiness for an attack, and shortly before four p.m. the mine on McPherson's front, and immediately beneath the rebel Fort Hill, was exploded, which was the signal for a general demonstration along the entire line, the object of this being to draw their fire from the real point of attack; the intention of McPherson being to carry and hold the rebel work, thus obtaining a position which is the key to the principal part of their present line. Immediately after the explosion of the mine a detachment of 100 men from the 23d Indiana rushed to the top of the work, and after a short hand-to-hand contest, in which the bayonet was freely used, they succeeded, with the assistance of the 45th Illinois, in obtaining a secure foothold, which was maintained by the 45th, until the Engineer corps succeeded in throwing up entrenchments, partially protecting them from the rain of shot soon pouring upon them. Lieut.-Col. Smith, of the 45th, was mortally wounded, and Major Fiske instantly killed.

"During the entire night of Thursday the contest raged fiercely; the arena, however, being small, the number of men engaged was few, the hand-to-hand fighting being confined to the crater of the mine, which exploded during the day, the contending parties being separated only by the crest of the hill. Some eight or ten feet in width, the principal part of the fighting was done with hand-grenades. Our men used 24lb. shell, with five-second fuses, which were easily rolled over the embankment and some of which were actually hurled back before exploding, and inflicted damage on our own men. This state of affairs continued until Thursday evening, when artillery was brought to bear on the point sufficient to hold it, and the infantry withdrawn into the ditch. Our men, in firing, were compelled to raise the butts of their muskets above their heads and fire, it being impossible to expose themselves a moment without being instantly shot down.

"The large sketch shows the crater in its relative position to the surrounding works, and the city of Vicksburg in the distance; the entire crest, with the exception of this point, being held by the rebels, although unable to use artillery on it, in consequence of the bearing of our guns upon it, as shown by the effect of two shots to right and left of the crater. The sharpshooters are protected by gabions filled with earth, on top of which are placed heavy logs, with small portholes, through which they keep up a continuous fire."

This decided the siege. The key of the rebel works had been carried, and Pemberton, after a fruitless endeavor to obtain terms, surrendered on the 4th of July.

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The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each.  
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A BADGE WITH HIS  
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406 B. W. HITCHCOCK,  
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1,500 Bottles Sold in 10 Days!

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A CERTAIN AND SPEEDY CURE FOR

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RHEUMATISM

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CELEBRATED

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there is nothing so sure as a preventive of malarious  
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which bears upon its foul wings the seeds of deadly  
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of the shock which the unqualified beverage is cal-  
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Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

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produce powerful effects, they are at the same time,  
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others have sent me the assurance of their conviction  
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Our Agents all over the United States will furnish  
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Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism,  
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Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous  
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Would respectfully inform their Patrons and the general Public, that they have recently re-arranged and considerably extended the STATIONERY DEPARTMENT of their FANCY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, and have now unequalled facilities for furnishing the latest styles of

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Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

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**ENAMELED WHITE.**  
Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute.

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One Dollar per Bottle (which often cures).  
Depot, 130 CHATHAM STREET, N. Y.  
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Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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The advertisement on our inside page, of  
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CHEAPER

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10 COLLARS  
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I have the largest and best  
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MADE TO ORDER.

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I have nothing but experi-  
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Orders promptly attended  
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Mental and Physical Energies Re-  
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Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every  
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**RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.**  
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols,  
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Dress Shirts  
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